

THE
ATHENEUM;
OR,
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.

MORAL STORIES.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE
ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DRAMATIC NOTICES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL
REMARKS.

REVIEWS OF THE FINE ARTS.

TRANSACTIONS OF LITERARY AND
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;

CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER 1822, TO APRIL 1823.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

BOSTON:


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The publishers receive the Magazines, &c. printed in London, by almost every arrival from England; and the selections are made with the most scrupulous regard to the tastes of those who read for relaxation, amusement, or instruction.

The work commenced in April, 1817; and the volumes are dated from April and October in each year. Several of the volumes having been re-printed, a few complete sets may be had of the publishers, either with Russia or Morocco backs, or in boards.

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SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1822.

(English Magazines, July and August.)

SIMOND'S TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND.

IT has often been remarked that England is famous for the colonies of tourists which, in an interval of peace, she sends forth to overrun every habitable (and sometimes indeed, uninhabitable) part of the globe; in addition to which, the mania for writing on their return is so strong, that it is seldom that less than a description in quarto of their journey can content the active travellers, even should their peregrinations have extended no farther than to Ostend or Boulogne. In short, since 1815, our country has been inundated with Voyages, Travels, Tours, Itineraries, Journals, Diaries, Letters to Friends, &c. &c. &c. various in their degrees of merit. These publications are not yet failing in number; and our neighbours on the other side of the Straits of Dover, though in numerical proportion still far behind, seem in some degree infected with the *cacoethes*, and to be fast treading in our steps; and our present attention is called to an account of a Journey in Switzerland, professing on the title-page to be from the pen of the Author of "The Tour of a Frenchman in England."

His Tour begins at Fontainebleau, on the 30th May 1817:—

"At the palace strangers are shewn the staircase by which the *Emperor* descended to pass in review, for the last time, the remains of an army from which he was about to separate; the small table also, on which he signed his

abdication, is exhibited, as well as the mark of a kick which he inflicted on it."

Our author relates, too, the story of the sale of a pen to almost every John Bull traveller, as that with which Buonaparte signed his renunciation of the throne. Of course he laughs at the buyers of these "*real pens of abdication*."

Proceeding northward the traveller crosses the Rhine, and shortly enters Germany near Waldshut:—

"The bridge which crosses the Rhine at Sekingen is built of wood, and covered with a roof. The seven arches, which are reckoned at about fifty or sixty feet each, would give a breadth to the river of near four hundred feet. M. Ebel says, that at Basle it is but 280 feet broad, where it is probably much deeper than here. We crossed two leagues farther on by the bridge of Luffenbourg, venerable from its age, but so elevated, and apparently so decayed, as to induce us to alight from our carriage in going over. It is built on rocks, through which the Rhine forces a passage with such violence, that only empty boats pass, and those by means of ropes which hold them back, and afford time to guide them. A young Englishman (Lord Montague) met his death here a few years since, by imprudently attempting to conduct his boat without these precautions. By a singular combination of misfortunes, his seat in England (Cowdray Castle) was burnt down the same day on which he was drowned in the Rhine."

The exploits of the Chamois hunters sometimes enliven the pages of the present volume. Their unwearied perseverance joined to the skill and activity which they display in their pursuits, call for the author's meed of praise; and he gives an anecdote of one, while engaged in a different course, strikingly descriptive of their firmness:—

“The *lammergeyer*, the largest of the birds of prey after the condor of America, measuring 16 feet across when the wings are extended, frequents the north of Switzetland; it sometimes carries off the young kids, and even large dogs. M. Ebel relates a story of a chasseur of this country (Joseph Schoren) who having discovered a nest belonging to one of these terrible birds, and killed the male, crept along the jut of a rock, his feet bare, the better to keep himself firm, in hopes of catching the young ones. He raised his arm, and had already his hand upon the nest, when the female pouncing on him from above, struck her talons through his arm and her beak into his loins. The hunter, whom the smallest movement would have precipitated to the bottom, lost not his presence of mind, but remained firm, rested his fowling-piece, which fortunately he held in his left hand, against the rock, and with his foot directing it full on the bird, touched the trigger, and she fell dead. The wound which he had received confined him for several months. These hunters are men from whom the savages of America might learn lessons of patience and courage, in the midst of dangers and privations. The greater part come to a tragical end. They disappear, and the disfigured remains which are now and then found, alone inform us of their fate.”

Near this relation of the *lammergeyer*, may be placed an anecdote of the vulture of Muotta-Thal. This place had been the scene of many bloody combats between the Russians under Suwarrow, and the French; and

“Armies passed by narrow footpaths where the Chamois hunters themselves take off their shoes, and cling by their hands to escape a fall. They fought on the edges of the most frightful precipices, and peopled the icy re-

gions of the higher Alps with the Dead. When in the following spring, the snows which had covered the bodies disappeared, the vultures, surfeiting on this abundance of human prey, became so delicate, that, to make use of my guide's expression, they would select nothing but the eyes for the nurture of their young.”

Our extracts must be limited at this time, or we should have been glad to have given the account of the Chamois hunting itself, which is interesting and well described; we must, however, pass it by.

The fall of the great mountain of Rossberg gives M. Simond occasion to furnish his readers with a minute description of the dreadful calamity, which but for a similar reason, we should certainly copy.

The number of our fellow countrymen to be met with in every city of the Continent, often calls for the remarks of M. Simond, (who, by the bye, never speaks in an unfriendly way of the proud Islanders) and at Geneva he of course finds no want of Englishmen:—

“The Genevese are naturally well disposed towards the English; religion, government, and manners, are bonds of sympathy and mutual friendship; and besides they are *not* neighbours, an indispensable negative condition to the good understanding of nations. Formerly, many young Englishmen received part of their education at Geneva, and there formed friendly connexions which lasted their lives. A still greater number of Genevese went to England, with a view to fortune or to instruction; and the greater part of well-born persons here understand the language. Buonaparte, who did not like the Genevese, once in discoursing of them said, “*They speak English too well for me.*”—Under these circumstances, one should have thought that on the arrival of the English, after a forced separation of twenty or five and twenty years, there would have been a simultaneous attraction of these sympathetic elements. There was indeed some little warmth, but very little connexion; and the English who swarm at Geneva, as every where else on the Continent, not only do not mix

more in society there than elsewhere, but appear to be even less pleased there than usual. The Genevise, on their side, declare that they cannot recognize their ancient friends the English, "who were (say they,) sedate and reasonable, and in whom some little tint of barbarism gave additional value to that chivalric generosity and that cultivation of mind which formed the basis of their character. Their young folks gave indeed into some excesses and follies, but they soon recovered themselves, and ere they reached a riper age, became as steady as their fathers. Instead of this, we see an inundation rushing in upon us without cessation, making their crusades to Rome, instead of the Holy Sepulchre. The ancient barbarism

has become disdain, and sometimes degenerates into rudeness. They keep themselves in a corner, say nothing, or if they speak, it is but to mock. Whether through pride or suspicion, they fly even from each other, as if fearful of a plague: one knows not what conduct to pursue among them. If you invite many, you disoblige them; it is to force them to give countenance to persons whom they are in despair to see seated near them. If you ask them alone, they seem to be *ennuyé*. Speak to them of the English of former times, it must have been before the deluge; talk of literature, it is pedantry, and they yawn; of politics, and they instantly *bother* about Buonaparte."

MAY DAY WITH THE MUSES.—BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A GREAT many ploughmen—shepherds—ditchers—and shoemakers—nay, even tailors—have in this free and happy country of ours wooed the Muses. Apollo on the other hand, had been made love to, by vast flocks of young women in the lower walks of life, dairy-maids, nurses, house-keepers, knitters in the sun, and Cinderellas. A very droll volume or two might be made up of their productions. One thing we observe in the POETRY of them all—male and female—a strong bias to the indulgence of the tender passion. They are all most excessively amorous, and every volume is a perfect dove-cote, sounding with a continual coo. Roger, the ploughman, makes love in a bold, vigorous, straightforward fashion, as if he were "in glory and in joy," "following his plough upon the mountain-side." Jamie, the shepherd, the yellow-haired laddie—is more figurative and circumlocutory; but just let him alone for a few minutes, and he is sure to get upon his subject at last, and to acquit himself in a truly pastoral and patriarchal manner. Hobinol, the ditcher, goes to work, as if he were paid by the piece. The shoemaker melts like his own wax, and shews himself to be a most active understrapper; while the tailor, forget-

ting that he is but a fraction, declares, "I dare do all that may become a man." Who dares do more, is none."

In short, the professions of the man and the lover go hand in hand; and it will be as impossible to mistake "an amatory effusion" of a genuine Roger for one of a Sammy Snip, as to mistake such an erection as the London Monument for the handle of a milk churn.

To be serious after this little flight—of all the motley group of humbleversemen and verse-women, we think that in our days, the only names worth mentioning, are Burns, Dermody, (whom Mr. Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review, with great Christian charity, the most amiable sweetness of nature, and the most polite and gentlemanly dislike of all personality, called shortly and emphatically, "Dermody the Drunkard,") Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Clare, and—Robert Bloomfield. All these are men of genius, more or less—at least we think so—let the word genius mean what it will. They have all done some good things; how good it may not be easy to say, but good enough to give delight, and therefore to deserve remembrance.

Mr. Bloomfield, on the publication of "The Farmer's Boy," was looked on as a poetical prodigy, and not with-

out reason. For he showed in that poem a very fine feeling for the beauties and the occupations of the country. He had few or no advantages of training, but had treasured up, in an innocent, and happy, and thoughtful mind, many youthful remembrances of a rural life; and immediately on hitting upon a good subject, he seems to have put them easily and naturally, and often very elegantly, into verse. Having read but little, and thought and felt much, and having no ambition of equalling or surpassing any particular model, he wrote away, from his own mind and his own heart, and the public were justly delighted with his fervour and simplicity. It is most agreeable to read his unlaboured descriptions of ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, and sheave-binding, and compunctious shooting of rooks. And every now and then he deals out, with a sort of unostentatious profusion, feelings and sentiments awakened by the contemplation of lowly life—its sufferings, and its virtues. His hero, young Giles, is really an exceedingly pleasant and interesting lad; and the situations in which he is often placed are affecting, by their solitariness, and the unconscious independence of the harmless and happy being, in his labour and his poverty. Now and then single lines occur that are quite exquisite; and his picture of Poor Polly the ruined and insane maiden, is equal to Cowper's Crazy Jane, if not indeed, superior to it; and there cannot be higher praise. England is justly proud of Bloomfield, on account of his genius and of that simple and pure tone of morality which breathes over all this his first, and, of course, best Poem. Besides all these its merits, which we have just slightly glanced at, "The Farmer's Boy" is by far the best written, as to style and composition, of any work of our uneducated poets. The melody of the versification is often exceedingly beautiful; and there are fewer faults of coarse and vulgar taste in it, though some there undoubtedly are, than in any book of any man similarly situated, with which we are ac-

quainted. All this shews a mind delicately formed by nature; and accordingly, "The Farmer's Boy," now that the mere wonder and astonishment are passed by, continues to hold its place, and can never be perused by any candid and cultivated reader, without the highest pleasure and approbation.

Now, when so interesting a man as Mr. Bloomfield re-appears before the Public, after a retirement so long and deep as finally to have given rise (he tells us so in his preface to "May-day with the Muses") to a report of his death, it cannot but be gratifying to all lovers of good poetry—be it high or low—to hear him once more tuning his rustic reed. And it gives us pleasure to be able to say conscientiously, that his new little volume is one of the most agreeable he has ever written, and one that shews his powers are noways impaired. The idea of the poem is really a very pretty and ingenious extravaganza; and its improbability in a world so selfish as ours, is by no means against it. Mr. Bloomfield has a pleasant smile upon his own face, at the notion of a worthy old landholder accepting of rhymes from his tenants in lieu of rents; and therefore we hope that no stupid and sour critic will put a frown upon his, especially during these times of agricultural distress, when many an English farmer that formerly weighed twenty stone, is now a mere shadow and reduced to seventeen.

Sir Ambrose Higham, being somewhere about fourscore, and having got sick of his annual Spring visit to London, resolves to give a grand fete champetre to his tenantry, and to demand payment in poetry, instead of pounds. A number of big tables are set out upon a lawn near the hall; and after bolting bacon and bowzing beer, one bard after another rises up, makes a leg, and lays his poem. And this Mr. Bloomfield very prettily calls "May day with the Muses."

The poem opens thus, and it is the only passage in which Mr. B. speaks of himself, certainly with much modesty and feeling.

THE INVITATION.

"O for the strength to paint my joy once more!
That joy I feel when Winter's reign is o'er;
When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow.
Though bleak November's fogs oppress my brain,
Shake every nerve, and struggling fancy chain;
Though time creeps o'er me with his palsied hand,
And frost-like bid the stream of passion stand."

The "Gathering" and the "Banquet" are admirable, and it would be doing injustice to our poet not to quote it at full length.

"Thus came the jovial day, no streaks of red
O'er the broad portals of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doom'd instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken
To reign awhile, and be exhaled at ten.
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
Forth came the conquering sun and look'd abroad;
Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue
Too strong for utterance:—Thus the infant boy,
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain.
But change this scene and make him laugh again,
His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
From the first glimpse of day a busy scene
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
There his whole household labour'd in his view—
But light is labour where the task is new.
Some wheel'd the turf to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough rind and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had pluck'd his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
Some from the green house ranged exotics round
To bask in open day on English ground:
And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
Long wreaths and garlands gather'd in the dew.
Some spread the snowy canvass, propp'd on high
O'er sheltered tables with their whole supply;
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropp'd the daisies for a dancing space,
Some roll'd the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison'd darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cans; and others bore
The creaking hamper with its costly store,
Well cork'd, well flavour'd and well tax'd that came,
From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
Whence Gama steer'd and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
A thousand minor tasks fill'd every hour
Till the sun gain'd the zenith of his power,
When every path was throng'd with old and young,
And many a sky-lark in his strength up sprung
To bid them welcome.—Not a face was there
But for May-day at least had banish'd care;

No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance, they knew their host too well,—
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent form'd around;
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence follow'd as he stretch'd his hand,
And with a trembling voice, and heart sincere,
Implor'd a blessing on th' abundant cheer.
Down sat the mingling throng, and shared a feast
With hearty welcome given, by love increased;
A patriarch family, a close link'd band,
True to their rural chieftian heart and hand:
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation, of a scene like this.
At length the damask'd cloths were whisk'd away,
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
The hey-day of enjoyment found repose;
The worthy Baronet majestic rose;
They view'd him, while his ale was filling round
The monarch of his own paternal ground.
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bow'd
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stoop'd a dainty form or phrase to cull—
His heart elated, like his cup, was full:—
'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall;
Health to my neighbours, happiness to all.'
Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
Who would not instantly be on his feet;
An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race."

We will trouble the Ettrick Shepherd, at his leisure, to write any thing as good as this—or the Galloway Lad, or the Northamptonshire Peasant. But we are sorry to say that the first poet who comes forward to pay his rent has not borrowed his notes from the Muses. His christian name is Philip—and he recites a ballad entitled the "Drunken Father," in which is narrated the conversion to habits of sobriety of a tippling husband, partly by a fright caused by a mill-dam and a miller with a lantern, and partly by the judicious good temper of his wife, who instead of scolding him one night when he had got a cup too much, took him into her bosom, and gave him a gentle and pathetic remonstrance only, seasoned with conjugal endearments. The ballad is tedious, and we suspect Philip himself must have been half-seas-over when he penned it. It was, however, we are told, applauded to the very echo, and made the whole party very facetious.

"Thenceforward converse flow'd with perfect ease,
Midst country wit, and rustic repartee."

One drank to Ellen, if such might be found,
And archly glanced at female faces round.
If one with tilted can began to bawl,
Another cried 'Remember Andrew Hall.'
Then, multifarious topics, corn and hay,
Vestry intrigues, the rates they had to pay,
The thriving stock, the lands too wet, too dry,
And all that bears on fruitful husbandry,
Ran mingling thro' the crowd—a crowd that might
Transferr'd to canvass, give the world delight;
A scene that Wilkie might have touch'd with pride—
The May-day banquet then had never died."

The Game-keeper is succeeded by
the Shepherd with

"Scanty locks of grey
Edged round a hat that seemed to mock decay;
Its loops, its bands, were from the purest fleece,
Spun on the hills in silence and in peace.
A staff he bore carved round with birds and flowers,
The hieroglyphics of his leisure hours;
And rough form'd animals of various name—
Not just like Bewick, but they meant the same."

The old Shepherd thus beautifully introduced (the lines in italics are extremely good) recites a "Dream," entitled "The Fairy's Masquerade." It must have puzzled the audience not a little, and on the first reading it was to us an enigma. It is no less an affair than a poetical summary of some of the principal events in the latter part of Napoleon's life—the Russian expedition—his subsequent campaigns, his banishment to Elba—return to Paris—Waterloo and St. Helena.—It will be remembered, that Mr. Bloomfield was the protégé of, Capel Loft, a gentleman who believed with Sir Richard Phillips, that Napoleon was a man of a pacific disposition, fond of home-comforts, and an impassioned lover of freedom. It is extremely laughable to observe honest Robert Bloomfield adopting such insane absurdities; but the poem, notwithstanding, is excellent, and we cannot help quoting it. By excellent, we mean spirited, poetical, and imaginative.

THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM; OR, FAIRIES' MASQUERADE.

I had folded my flock, and my heart was overflowing,
I loiter'd beside the small lake on the heath:
The red sun, though down, left his drapery glowing,
And no sound was stirring, I heard not a breath:
I sat on the turf, but I meant not to sleep,
And gazed o'er that lake which for ever is new,
Where clouds over clouds appear'd anxious to peep.
From this bright double sky with its pearl and its blue—

Forgetfulness, rather than slumber, it seem'd,
When in infinite thousands the fairies arose
All over the heath, and their tiny crests gleam'd,
In mock'ry of soldiers, our friends and our foes.
There a stripling went forth, half a finger's length
high
And led a huge host to the north with a dash;
Silver birds upon poles went before their wild cry,
While the monarch look'd forward, adjusting his
sash.

Soon after a terrible bonfire was seen,
The dwellings of fairies went down in their ire,
But from all I remember, I never could glean
Why the woodstack was burnt, or who set it on fire.
The flames seem'd to rise over a deluge of snow,
That buried its thousands,—the rest ran away;
For the hero had here overstrained his long bow,
Yet he honestly own'd the mishap of the day.

Then the fays of the north like a hail storm came on,
And follow'd him down to the lake in a riot,
Where they found a large stone which they fi'd
him upon,
And threaten'd and coax'd him, and bade him be
quiet.

He that conquer'd them all, was to conquer no more,
But the million beheld he could conquer alone;
And resting awhile, he leap'd boldly on shore,
When away ran a fay that had mounted his throne.

'Twas pleasant to see how they stared, how they
scamper'd,
By furze-bush, by fern, by no obstacle stay'd,
And the few that held council, were terribly ham-
per'd,
For some were vindictive, and some were afraid.
I saw they were dress'd for a masquerade train,
Colour'd rags upon sticks they all brandish'd in view,
And of such idle things they seem'd mightily vain,
Tho' they nothing display'd but a bird split in two.

Then out rush'd the stripling in battle array,
And both sides determined to fight and to maul:
Death rattled his jaw-bones to see such a fray,
And glory personified laugh'd at them all.
Here he fail'd,—hence he fled, with a few for his sake,
And leap'd into a cockle-shell floating hard by;
It sail'd to an isle in the midst of the lake,
Where they mock'd fallen greatness, and left him
to die.

Meanwhile the north fairies stood round in a ring,
Supporting his rival on guns and on spears,
Who, though not a soldier, was robed like a king;
Yet some were exulting, and some were in tears.
A lily triumphantly floated above,
The crowd press'd, and wrangling was heard through
the whole:

The soldiers look'd surly, some citizens strove
To hoist the old nightcap on liberty's pole.

But methought in my dream some bewail'd him that
fell,

And liked not his victors so gallant, so clever,
Till a fairy stepp'd forward, and blew through a shell,
'Bear misfortune with firmness, you'll triumph for
ever.'

I woke at the sound, all in silence, alone,
The moor-hens were floating like specks on a glass,
The dun clouds were spreading, the vision was gone,
And my dog scamper'd round 'midst the dew on the
grass.

I took up my staff, as a knight would his lance,
And said, 'Here's my sceptre, my baton, my spear,
And there's my prime minister far in advance,
Who serves me with truth for his food by the year.'
So I slept without care till the dawning of day,
Then trimm'd up my woodbines that whistled amain;
My minister heard as he bounded away,
And we led forth our sheep to their pastures again."

The old Shepherd has fairly beat both the Farmer and the Game-keeper; but he meets with a formidable rival in a sun-scorched Veteran, who had fought in India and Spain, and who narrates with an affecting simplicity, his emotions on returning to his native home. The topic is trite; but in Mr. Bloomfield's hands it almost assumes a character of novelty. Burn's "Soldier's Return" is not, to our taste, one whit superior.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour;
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an overpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land:—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black stedfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd and boune'd, and struggled to be free.
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor:
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,

Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes
never;

They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But *here* was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had plac'd it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt every thing but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd,—
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.—
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?"

The rustic company begin now to yawn a little bit, and some one happily proposes a dance. So to it they go, toe and heel—swinging and smacking in all directions.

"The Forester caught lasses one by one,
And twirl'd his glossy green against the sun;
The Shepherd threw his doublet on the ground,
And clapp'd his hands, and many a partner found:
His hat-loops bursted in the jocund fray,
And floated o'er his head like blooming May;
Behind his heels, his dog was barking loud,
And threading all the mazes of the crowd;
And, had he boasted one, had wag'd his tail,
And plainly said, 'What can my master ail?'
To which the Shepherd, had he been more cool,
Had only said, 'Tis Oakly Feast, you fool.'"

By way of contrast, came forward a stout bluff yeoman, who,

"button'd to the throat,
Faced the whole ring, and shook his leathern coat."

He is decidedly the best poet on all Sir Ambrose's estate; and being a father, and a true-hearted, honest, and affectionate Englishman, his tale may be even read with pleasure in the closet. We need not say what effect it must

have produced in the open air, under a canopy of trees, and a table fifty feet long, covered with plates, and glasses, and tumblers, and bottles, and punch-bowls innumerable, headed by a fine rosy-gilled, white-headed, frolicsome, and poetical Baronet of fourscore, and lined all round with lads and lasses with encircled waists, while the green grass below it was all alive with feet gently pressing upon feet. The story is of the yeoman's own daughter, his youngest child, who, living in the house of a lady of some rank, is beloved by her only son, a Blind youth, and at last happily married. Mr. Bloomfield says in his preface, "I will plead no excuse for any thing which the reader may find in this little volume, but merely state, that I once met with a lady in London, who, though otherwise of strong mind, and good information, would maintain that it is impossible for a blind man to fall in love." I always thought her wrong, and the present tale of Alfred and Jennet "is written to elucidate my idea of the question." This lady must have been a great goose. Is not Cupid himself blind? and did he never fall in love?—Love is lawless in its utmost purity, and therefore, without more ado, let us come to the Yeoman's tale of "Alfred and Jennet," a juxtaposition of names, which sounds something like Maximilian and Margery.

ALFRED AND JENNET.

"Yes, let me tell of Jennet, my last child;
In her the charms of all the rest ran wild,
And sprouted as they pleased. Still by my side,
I own she was my favourite, and my pride,
Since she first labour'd round my neck to twine,
Or clasp'd both little hands in one of mine:
And when the season broke, I've seen her bring
Lapfuls of flowers, and then the girls would sing
Whole songs and halves, and bits, O, with such glee;
If playmates found a favourite, it was she.
Her lively spirit lifted her to joy;
To distance in the race a clumsy boy,
Would raise the flush of conquest in her eye,
And all was dance, and laugh, and liberty,
Yet not hard-hearted, take me right, I beg,
The veriest romp that ever wagg'd a leg
Was Jennet; but when pity sooth'd her mind,
Prompt with her tears, and delicately kind,
The half-fledged nestling, rabbit, mouse or dove,
By turns engaged her cares and infant love;
And many a one, at the last doubtful strife,
Warmed in her bosom, started into life.
At thirteen she was all that Heaven could send,
My nurse, my faithful clerk, my lively friend;

Last at my pillow when I sunk to sleep,
First on my threshold soon as day could peep
I heard her happy to her heart's desire,
With clanking pattens, and a roaring fire.
Then, having store of new laid eggs to spare,
She fill'd her basket with the simple fare,
And weekly trudged (I think I see her still)
To sell them at yon house upon the hill,
Oft have I watch'd her as she stroll'd along,
Heard the gate bang, and heard her morning song;
And, as my warm, ungovern'd feelings rose,
Said to myself, 'Heaven bless her! there she goes.'
Long would she tarry, and then dancing home,
Tell how the lady bade her oftener come,
And bade her talk and laugh without control;
For Jennet's voice was music to the soul.
My tale shall prove it——"

The Blind Youth is thus beautifully described:—

"For from his cradle he had never seen
Soul-cheering sun-beams, or wild Nature's green.
But all life's blessings centre not in sight;
For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy,
Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
Fond to excess was he of all that grew;
The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew
Across his path, as if in playful freak,
Would dash his brow, and weep upon his cheek;
Each varying leaf that brush'd where'er he came
Press'd to his rosy lip, he call'd by name;
He grasp'd the saplings, measured every bough,
Inhaled the fragrance that the spring months throw
Profusely round, till his young heart confess'd
That all was beauty, and himself was bless'd.
Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
Or clear brook side, he felt a transient pain;
The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
To think he could not roam without a guide."

The progress of their mutual passion is painted, in general, with great fidelity to nature. The father, alarmed for his daughter, proposes to take her to his own home; and the following touching colloquy takes place between the prudent parent, and his guileless child.

"I left her thus, deep musing, and soon found
My daughter, for I traced her by the sound
Of Alfred's flageolet; no cares had they,
But in the garden bower spent half the day.
By starts he sung, then wildest trillings made,
To mock a piping blackbird in the glade.
I turn'd a corner, and approach'd the pair;
My little rogue had roses in her hair!
She whipp'd them out, and, with a downcast look,
Conquer'd a laugh by poring on her book.
My object was to talk with her aside,
But at the sight my resolution died;
They look'd so happy, in their blameless glee,
That, as I found them, I e'en let them be;
Though Jennet, promis'd a few social hours
'Midst her old friends my poultry, and my flowers.
She came—but not till fatal news had wrung
Her heart thro' sleepless hours, and chain'd her tongue"

She came, but with a look that gave me pain,
 For, though bright sunbeams sparkled after rain,
 Though every brood came round, half run, half fly,
 I knew her anguish by her altered eye;
 And strove with all my power, where'er she came,
 To sooth her grief, yet gave it not a name.
 At length a few sad bitter tears she shed,
 And on both hands reclined her aching head.
 'Twas then my time the conqueror to prove—
 I summon'd all my rhetoric, all my love.—
 'Jennet, you must not think to pass through life
 Without its sorrows, and without its strife;
 Good, dutiful, and worthy, as you are,
 You must have griefs, and you must learn to bear.'
 Thus I went on, trite moral truths to string—
 All chaff, mere chaff, where love has spread his wing:
 She cared not, listen'd not, nor seem'd to know
 What was my aim, but wiped her burning brow,
 Where sat more eloquence and living power
 Than language could embody in an hour.
 With soften'd tone I mention'd Alfred's name,
 His wealth, our poverty, and that sad blame
 Which would have weigh'd me down, had I not told
 The secret which I dare not keep for gold,
 Of Alfred's love, o'erheard the other morn,
 The gardener, and the woodbine, and the thorn;
 And added, 'Though the lady sends you home,
 You are but young, child, and a day may come—'
 'She has not sent me home,' the girl replied,
 And rose with sobs of passion from my side:
 'She has not sent me home, dear father, no;
 She gives me leave to tarry or to go:
 She has not *blamed* me, yet she weeps no less,
 And every tear but adds to my distress;
 I am the cause—thus all that she has done
 Will bring the death or misery of her son.'

But at last all difficulties are removed, and the pretty, innocent and affectionate Jennet is wedded to her Blind Lover, and we have no doubt makes an excellent wife, and found him an excellent husband, notwithstanding the dictum of the lady with the strong understanding in the London stagecoach. The poem concludes thus:

'Down the green slope before us, glowing warm,
 Came Alfred, tugging at his mother's arm;
 Willing she seem'd, but he still led the way—
 She had not walk'd so fast for many a day;
 His hand was lifted, and his brow was bare,
 For now no clustering ringlets wanton'd there;
 He threw them back in anger and in spleen,
 And shouted 'Jennet!' o'er the dasied green.
 Boyish impatience strove with manly grace,
 In every line and feature of his face;
 His claim appear'd resistless as his choice;
 And when he caught the sound of Jennet's voice,
 And when with spotless soul he clasp'd the maid,
 My heart exulted, while my breath was staid.—
 'Jennet, we must not part! return again;
 What have I done to merit all this pain?—
 Dear mother, share my fortune with the poor,
 Jennet is mine, and shall be—say no more.—
 Bowman, you know not what a friend I'll be;

Give me your daughter, Bowman, give her me.—
 Jennet, what will my days be if you go?
 A dreary darkness, and a life of woe;
 My dearest love, come home, and do not cry;
 You are my day-light, Jennet—I shall die.'
 To such appeals all prompt replies are cold,
 And stately prudence snaps her cobweb hold.
 Had the good widow tried, or wish'd to speak,
 This was a bond she could not, dared not break:
 Their hearts (you never saw their likeness never)
 Were join'd, indissolubly join'd for ever.
 Why need I tell how soon our tears were dried—
 How Jennet blush'd—how Alfred with a stride
 Bore off his prize, and fancied every charm,
 And clipp'd against his ribs her trembling arm—
 How mute we seniors stood—our power all gone!
 Completely conquer'd, Love the day had won,
 And the young vagrant triumph'd in our plight,
 And shook his roguish plumes, and laugh'd outright.
 Yet, by my life and hopes, I would not part
 With this sweet recollection from my heart;
 I would not now forget that tender scene,
 To wear a crown, or make my girl a queen.
 Why need be told how pass'd the months along,
 How sped the summer's walk, the winter's song:
 How the foil'd suitor all his hopes gave up,
 How Providence with rapture fill'd their cup?
 No dark regrets, no tragic scenes to prove,
 The gardener was too old to die for love.
 A thousand incidents I cast aside,
 To tell but one—I gave away the bride—
 Gave the dear youth what kings could not have giv'n;
 Then bless'd them both, and put my trust in Heav'n.
 There the old neighbours laugh'd the night away,
 Who talk of Jennet's wedding to this day.
 And could you but have seen the modest grace,
 The half-hid smiles that play'd in Jennet's face,
 Or mark'd the bridegroom's bounding heart o'erflow,
 You might have wept for joy, as I could now;
 I speak from memory of days long past:—
 Though 'tis a father's tale, I've done at last.

A number of anonymous poets then recite their verses, such as "The Soldier's Wife,"—"Love in a Shower,"—and one composition which we should like to have heard as the title is a taking one, "Lines to Aggravation." Just as the party are thinking of breaking up, they are suddenly delighted by a bright and beautiful apparition.

'When in an instant every eye was drawn
 To one bright object on the upper lawn:
 A fair procession from the mansion came,
 Unknown its purport, and unknown its aim.
 No gazer could refrain, no tongue could cease,
 It seem'd an embassy of love and peace,
 Nearer and nearer still approach the train—
 Age in the van transform'd to youth again.
 Sir Ambrose gazed, and scarce believed his eyes;
 'Twas magic, memory, love, and blank surprise;
 For there his venerable lady wore
 The very dress which, sixty years before,
 Had sparkled on her sunshine bridal morn—
 Had sparkled, ay, beneath this very thorn!
 Her hair was snowy white, o'er which was seen—

Emblem of what her bridal cheeks had been—
 A twin red rose—no other ornament
 Had pride suggested, or false feeling lent ;
 She came to grace the triumph of her lord,
 And pay him honours at his festive board.
 Nine ruddy lasses follow'd where she stepp'd ;
 White were their virgin robes, that lightly swept
 The downy grass ; in every laughing eye
 Cupid had skulk'd, and written " Victory."
 What heart on earth its homage could refuse ?
 Each tripp'd, unconsciously, a blushing Muse.
 A slender chaplet of fresh blossoms bound
 Their clustering ringlets in a magic round.
 And, as they slowly moved across the green,
 Each in her beauty seem'd a May-day queen.
 The first a wreath bore in her outstretch'd hand,
 The rest a single rose upon a wand ;—
 Their steps were measured to that grassy throne
 Where, watching them, Sir Ambrose sat alone.
 They stopp'd,—when she, the foremost of the row,
 Curtsied, and placed the wreath upon his brow :
 The rest, in order pacing by his bower,
 In the loop'd wreath left each her single flower,—

Then stood aside.—What broke the scene's repose ?
 The whole assembly clapp'd their hands and rose
 The Muses charm'd them as they form'd a ring,
 And look'd the very life and soul of Spring !
 But still the white-hair'd dame they view'd with
 pride,
 Her love so perfect, and her truth so tried.
 Oh, sweet it is to hear, to see, to name,
 Unquench'd affection in the palsied frame—
 To think upon the boundless raptures past,
 And love, triumphant, conquering to the last !"

Sir Ambrose, in the fulness of his heart, makes a speech,—as good probably as any he ever made in Parliament,—it is crowned with three times three ; and, if the Lord Chancellor had been present, would have been by nine times nine,—and then the " May Day with the Muses" is at an end, and the company fade away among the trees, on their various avocations.

M'KEEVOR'S VOYAGE TO HUDSON'S BAY.

[A few months relaxation from professional studies during the summer of the year 1812, and a very liberal offer of the EARL of SELKIRK, induced me to become the medical attendant on his Lordship's colony, about to depart for HUDSON'S BAY.

The notes which I took during that very interesting voyage, have lain by me ever since ; nor is it probable they would ever have emerged from obscurity, but for the unprecedented interest which the affairs of that part of the northern world have of late excited, and for the present convenient and popular form of publication.

Dublin, Aug. 26, 1819.

Sunday, July 25.

THIS day, while sailing thro' straggling ice, one of the men on the quarter-deck observed, at a few yards distance, a silver bear and her two young cubs. The captain immediately ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered, and muskets, pistols, cutlasses, &c. to be got in readiness. All things being prepared, Mr. Fidler, Mr. Cockerell, the first mate, with one or two more, set out in pursuit of them. We were all leaning over the deck, waiting with the greatest anxiety for the interesting scene that we expected to witness. They had not got many yards from the vessel, when I beheld a very affecting sight : the mother, observing their approach, and aware of their intention, set up a most doleful cry, and presently clasped her two young ones within her two fore-paws. First she would look at one, then at another, and again resume her piteous cry. Perceiving the men to approach still nearer, she got

them on her back, and dived under water to a considerable distance ; when exhausted, she made to the ice for shelter. This she did several successive times. The gentlemen who went out for the purpose of shooting her, were so justly affected at the sight, that they humanely returned to the ship without discharging their muskets. Still, however, the poor bear apprehended danger. After getting on a detached piece of ice, she again clasped her young ones with the greatest tenderness, and continued her heart-melting cries ! In about ten minutes, another party,* not subject to the same correct sensibility as the former, went in pursuit of her. Immediately on observing this, she again took her young on her back ; one time, getting under water, at another, escaping to the ice for refuge. When the party had got within a short dis-

* It might be added, of monsters in the shape of men, or human savages !—EDITOR.

tance of her, they all fired. The mother, however, had covered her young cubs so effectually, that she alone was wounded; one of the balls entered her chest. The scene that followed was, if possible, still more affecting than that we had already witnessed.

Though mortally wounded, she retained within her fond embraces her tender young. It looked as though the iron grasp of death could not tear asunder those ties of affection which bound her to them. Still she would fondly gaze at one, then at another, occasionally renewing her piteous cries, which had now become much more feeble. But the purple current of life was ebbing fast through the wound: her sides heaved—her eye became glassy and dim—she looked at her young ones—gave a convulsive sob—laid down her head, and expired!

After this, they had no difficulty in taking the young cubs. They in vain, however, endeavoured to loose them from their parent's embraces. Even while dragging her up the side of the vessel, they still kept their hold. When they had got her on board, she was immediately skinned.† When the skin was removed they put it into the cage which had been prepared for the young cubs. As they roared most hideously from the time they were torn from the mother, we were in hopes that this might pacify them; and it did so: it was no sooner introduced, than they laid their heads down on it, and growled in a very affecting manner. When any one attempted to touch it, they roared very loud, and appeared much more irritable than usual. They were brought home, and sold in London at a very high price.‡

† On examining the wound, I found the ball had passed through the arch of the aorta, and had lodged in the intercostal muscles of the opposite side. I cut out the parts, and immersed them in a bottle filled with spirits; but one of the crew, an unfortunate Irishman, got hold of it in some way or other, and being fonder of whiskey than morbid anatomy, drank the fluid in which I had them preserved, and thus spoiled my preparation.

‡ The great attachment which the she-bear has for her young, is well known to the American hunter. No danger can induce her to abandon them. Even when they are

When detached from its young, how very different is the character of the polar bear from that I have just described. It is then a most formidable animal, being apparently the natural lord of those frozen regions. Every other animal shudders at his approach, considering it as the signal for immediate destruction. The seals either retire to their submarine dwellings, or conceal themselves in the crevices of the ice-islands; while the bear, stalking along with solemn majesty, "faces the breeze, raises his head, and snuffs the passing scent, whereby he discovers the nearest route to his odorous banquet." A favourite poet, with great truth and beauty, thus describes the march of this formidable animal:—

"There, through the piny forest half-absorbed,
Rough tenant of those shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice, all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,
And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want."

They who are possessed of such uncommon strength, and defend themselves when beset, with such extraordinary obstinacy, that even the natives of the country never venture to attack them but in parties of eight or ten, and even then are often defeated with the loss of one or more of their number. Though to a skilful rifleman the danger is very much diminished, the bear is still an animal of tremendous strength and fierceness, as will appear from the following adventure.—Captain Lewis tells us, that one evening the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large silver bear lying in the open grounds, about 300 paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, set out to attack him, and concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodg-

ufficiently grown to be able to climb a tree, her anxiety for their safety is but little diminished. At that time, if hunted, her first care is to make her young climb to a place of safety. If they shew any reluctance, she beats them, and having succeeded, turns fearlessly on her pursuers. Perhaps, in the animal economy, maternal affection is almost always commensurate with the helplessness of the young.—See *Bradbury's Travels in America*.

ed a ball in his body; two of them directly through the lungs. The justly-enraged animal sprung up, and ran open-mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but before they could reload he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and before they reached it he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe, the other four separated, and concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, but they only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river; the bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him to the shore, and found that eight balls had passed through his body in different directions.

Barentz, in his voyage in search of a north-east passage to China, had melancholy proofs of the ferocity of these animals in the island of Nova Zembla, where they attacked his men, seizing them in their mouths, carrying them off, and devouring them in sight of their comrades. "On the 6th of September," observes this interesting writer, "some sailors again landed to seek for a certain sort of stone, a species of diamond, of which a sufficient quantity is also found in the Isle of Slates. During this search, two of the sailors, sleeping by one another, a white bear, very lean, approached them softly, and seized one by the nape of the neck. The sailor, not knowing what it was, cried out, 'Who has seized me thus behind?' His companion, having raised his head, said, 'Holloa! my dear friend, it is a bear!' and immediately rising, ran away. The bear bit the unfortunate man in several parts of the head, and having quite mangled it, sucked the blood. The rest of the persons who were on shore, to the number of twenty, immediately ran with their firelocks and pikes, and found the bear devouring the body. On seeing the men, he

ran towards them with incredible fury, threw himself upon one of them, carried him away, and tore him to pieces, which so terrified them that they all fled. Those who remained in the vessel, seeing them thus flee, and return towards the shore, jumped into the boats, and rowed with all their force to receive them. When they had landed, and beheld this lamentable spectacle, they encouraged the others to return with them to the combat, that all together they might attack this ferocious animal. Three of them advanced a little, the bear still continuing to devour his prey, without being at all disturbed at the sight of thirty men so near him. The two pilots having fired three times without hitting the animal, the purser advanced a little further, and shot the bear in the head, close by the eye, which did not cause him to quit his prey; but holding the body always by the neck, which he was devouring, carried it away as yet almost quite entire. Nevertheless, they then perceived that he began to totter; and the purser going towards him, with a Scotchman, they gave him several sabre wounds, without his abandoning his prey. At length the pilot Geyser, having given him a violent blow with the butt-end of his firelock on the muzzle, which brought him to the ground, the purser leaped upon him, and cut his throat. The two bodies, half-devoured, were interred in the Isle of Slates, and the skin of the bear was carried to Amsterdam."

Frequently they attack, and even attempt to board armed vessels, at a great distance from the shore, and are sometimes repelled with great difficulty. While on land they prey on foxes, hares, martins, and young birds; they also eat various kinds of berries, which they may chance to find while ranging through the trackless desert. During these excursions they not unfrequently enter the habitations of the natives, and carry off one of the party. Mr. Howes, one of the inland governors, mentioned to me, that one evening he and his companions were sitting in their wigwam enjoying a social hour after a hard day's hunting, when, on a sudden, they found one of their party to disappear. A white bear had, in fact, carried him off

by the skirts of his coat. They all immediately sallied out in pursuit of him, which, when the bear observed, he instantly dropped his prey and made off into the woods. It is said that the best mode of repelling them, on these occasions, is by the smell of burnt feathers. During the summer months, being allured by the scent of the carcasses of whales, seals, &c. they venture out on the ice. They have been seen on some of those islands at the distance of more than eighty miles from land, preying and feeding as they float along. During the winter they retire and immerse themselves deep beneath the snow; here they pass the long and dreary arctic winter, and do not again appear until the return of spring.

The whole animal is white except the point of the nose, and the claws, which are of a deep black colour; the ears are rather small and sharp; the eyes small, and of a deep jet-black. The following are its generic characters, as given by Professor Jamieson, in his Lectures on Natural History, in the University of Edinburgh.

Front Teeth. Six both above and below; the two lateral ones of the lower-jaw longer than the rest, and lobed, with small or secondary teeth at their internal base.

Canine teeth, - - solitary.

Grinders, five or six on each side, the first approximated to the canine teeth.

Tongue - - - smooth.

Snout - - - prominent.

Eyes furnished with a militating membrane.

The hair is of a great length, and the limbs are of an enormous size, and of a very unseemly shape. I have tasted the flesh of the one we killed, and think it by no means bad eating; it had, however, rather a fishy taste. The paw, when dried and smoked, is considered a delicious morsel. Among the Chinese the flesh is considered as one of the greatest rarities, insomuch, that, as Du Halde informs us, the emperor will send fifty or a hundred leagues into Tartary to procure them for a great entertainment. At the approach of winter they become extremely fat; a hundred pounds have been taken from

a single beast at this time of the year. Their skins are used for a variety of purposes. By the Esquimeaux they are used for the purpose of making boots, shoes, and other articles of dress. In this country they are sold principally for covers of coach-boxes. The length of the one, whose history I have related, measured thirteen feet. The tendons, when split, are used by the Esquimeaux as a substitute for thread; for which purpose, if we might judge by the neatness of their workmanship, it answers admirably. They appear to be confined to the coldest parts of our globe, being found as far north as any navigators have yet been able to penetrate.

August 1. This day, about ten o'clock A. M., we got sight of the north shore, distant about ten leagues. The whole of this coast exhibited a very barren appearance; the mountains rising suddenly out of the sea, and being composed of rocks, which are thinly covered with black peat earth.

Several fires were kindled along the shore, for the purpose, we presumed, of giving us notice that the natives intended visiting us. Our conjectures we soon found to be true, for, about four o'clock in the afternoon, word was brought down to the cabin that the Esquimeaux Indians were in sight. This being an event long and anxiously wished for, we all hastened on deck immediately. They were not more than thirty yards from the ship. The ice being very thick, they were obliged to carry their canoes and articles for traffic almost the entire way. When they had got within a short distance of the vessel, they all set up a loud cry, every one repeating the word *chimò, chimò*,* which, in their language, signifies trade. They had no sooner got along-side than they began to traffic. The articles which they offered for sale were—whalebone, bags of blubber, with half-frozen, half-putrid flesh; skins of different animals, as of the bear, rabbit, hare, seal, and deer; dried salmon, dogs, a few fresh fowls; toys of various kinds, as models of their canoes, dresses, &c.

* The word *chimò* is also made use of as a term of friendship.

In return they got glass beads, old knives, hatchets, buttons, pins, and needles; gimblets, scissors, pieces of old iron hoops, which *they prized very highly*; brass rings, tin-pots, kettles, saws, files, &c.

It would be difficult to give expression to the feelings of gratification, delight, and surprise, which, in hurried succession, passed through my mind on first getting a view of these untutored savages; their manners, persons, dress, language, every thing, in short, so completely different from what we are accustomed to in civilized life, that one would almost fancy them the natives of a different planet altogether.

In stature the Esquimaux is inferior to the generality of Europeans. I have never seen any of them exceed five feet in height, excepting one, who was five feet four inches. Their faces are broad, and approach more to the rounded form than that of the European; their cheek-bones are high; their cheeks round and plump, mouth large, and lips slightly everted; the glabella, or interval between the eyes, is flat and very broad; the nose is small, but not flat, as some writers have described; their eyes, in general, are of a deep black; some, however, are of a dark chesnut-colour; they appear very small, owing to the eye-lids being so much encumbered with fat; the head is large; hair uniformly long, lank, and of a black colour; their eye-lids appeared tender, owing, I suppose, to the piercing winds and strong glare of light reflected from the snow in winter-time; the ears are situated far back on the head, and are moveable; their bodies are large, square, and robust, chest high, shoulders very broad; their hands and feet remarkably small;* there is, however, no sudden diminution; both extremities appear to taper from above, downwards in a wedge-like shape. Their boots and shoes being made of undressed leather, being also very clumsy, I did not for some time take particular notice of their feet. I happened, however, to observe one of the men on the quarter-deck endeavouring to draw on

a pair of boots, which he had just purchased from the man whose measurement I have given; the leg passed on easy enough until it came to the lower part, when it was suddenly arrested, nor could he force it further, though he tugged and pulled for a considerable time. They are of a deep tawney, or rather copper-coloured complexion. The assertion that they have got no beard must be treated as an idle tale; the fact is, it no sooner appears than, from motives of comfort, and, perhaps, of cleanliness, they pluck it out by the root, having no more convenient way of removing it. I recollect bringing one of the young men, whose beard was just beginning to make its appearance, down to the cabin, and showing him the mode of using a razor: the poor fellow appeared highly delighted; he placed himself before a glass, and really imitated the process of shaving very well; however, he nicked himself in two or three places, at which he laughed very heartily. I did not remark that difference of voice in the young and adult, which is so very remarkable in these countries; males and females, young and old, had all the same low, husky, whispering kind of voice.†

† This hoarse, whispering kind of voice was very observable in the young Esquimaux who was at Edinburgh last year; though he had been, when I saw him, near eight months in the country, he still spoke, in ordinary conversation, as if he were whispering. He was a very fine young man, aged about nineteen, and had been a widower for a considerable time. It was surprising to see how soon he adopted the European customs: when shewn into a room, he bowed very gracefully, and was very mild and tractable in his manners. This poor fellow had been drifted out to sea in his canoe near a hundred miles, when he fortunately met with one of the homeward-bound Greenland ships, which took him up. I saw him exhibit several times while he remained at Leith; one day, in particular, the whole population of the country appeared assembled for the purpose of witnessing this interesting sight. The shore for a considerable distance, the shrouds of every vessel, the tops of all the houses, were actually swarming with people. He was this day to row in his canoe against a twelve-oared galley. At a given signal they started: in a few seconds, however, though the brawny Scotchmen rowed with all their might, the Esquimaux was several yards before them. After getting on a considerable distance, having made all things tight, he capsized

* Small hands and feet they possess in common with the Chinese, Kamschatkans, New Hollanders, Peruvians, and Hottentots.

The dresses of this singular people are very curious ; and, considering the rude instruments with which they are manufactured, of uncommon neatness. They are made of the skins of the reindeer, seals, and birds. The outer garment resembles somewhat a waggoner's smock-frock ; it is not, however, so long or so loose ; it is sewed up in the front as high as the chin. To the top part a cap or hood is fastened, resembling very much the head of the cloaks now so much used in these countries ; in cold or wet weather they draw this over their heads, and by means of a running string, they can make it lie as close to the face as they choose. The women's jackets differ somewhat from those of the men ; the hood is much larger, and the bottom, instead of being cut even round like the men's, slopes downwards, forming, both behind and before, a long flap, the pointed extremity of which reaches below the knees. Many of the women had a train to their jackets sufficiently long to reach to their heels. The women's jackets also differ from those of the men in being more profusely ornamented with stripes of different coloured skins, which are inserted in a very neat and tasty manner. This outer garment is most usually made of seal-skins ; some of them, however, are made of deer-skins ; others of bird's-skins, neatly sewed together. A few of them, I observed, wore under their outer-jacket a kind of garment not unlike a shirt, and consisting of a number of seals' bladders sewed together. Their breeches are formed either of seal-skin or of the thin-haired skins of the reindeer ; they are gathered at top like a purse, and tied round their waists. Their boots and shoes are formed of the same materials, and are soled with the skin of the sea-horse. The men's

himself in his canoe, and appeared at the opposite side. He then waited until his almost exhausted competitors came up to him, and again flew along with the swiftness of an arrow. In this way he went on for near two hours. At the close of the contest a subscription, to a very large amount, was made for him, with which the captain purchased several articles of wearing apparel, as also a number of hatchets, saws, tin-pots, &c. to bring over with him as presents to his countrymen.

boots are drawn tight about their knees by means of a running-string ; their shoes are made to tie in close to the ankle by the same contrivance. The women's boots are made to come up as high as the hips ; they are at this part very wide, and made to stand off by means of a strong bow of whalebone passed round the top. Into these they put the children when tired of carrying them on their backs. In place of thread they make use of the sinews of the reindeer, the fibres of which they split very fine, and afterwards twist them in double or triple plies, according as they are required. Their needles are made either of ivory, or of the very fine bones of birds and fishes. A few of them, however, have got steel needles.

For the purpose of guarding off the intense light reflected from the snow, they make use of a very ingenious kind of spectacles, or snow-eyes, as they call them. They are formed from one solid piece of wood, and are excavated on the inside for the purpose of receiving the bridge of the nose and projecting part of the eye-ball. Opposite to either eye is a narrow transverse slit, about an inch and a half long. In front they are sloped off on either side at an oblique angle. At top there is a small horizontal ledge, which projects out for about an inch. They are tied behind by means of a slip of seal-skin, which is attached to either extremity of the wood. The one that I have got in my possession measures about four inches in length and two in breadth. Mr. Ellis asserts, that when they would observe any object at a great distance, they commonly look through them as we do through a telescope.

Their canoes are deserving of particular attention, as well from the peculiarity of their form as for their neatness, and even elegance with which they are constructed. They are in general about twenty feet long, two feet broad at the widest part, and of an oblong shape. The frame-work is made of pieces of wood or whalebone, fastened together by means of the sinews of animals ; they are covered with seal-skin parchment all over, with the exception of a central aperture, which is large enough to admit the body of a man ;

into this the Esquimeaux thrusts himself up to the waist, his feet being stretched forward. To the central opening a flat hoop is fitted, rising about a couple of inches; to this a skin is attached, which he fastens so tight about him as to exclude all wet; the rim also serves the purpose of preventing any water, which may have lodged on the deck, from getting into the canoe. The paddle of the Esquimeaux is about ten feet long; narrow in the centre; and broad and flat at the extremity: when seated in his canoe he takes hold of it by the centre, dips either end in the water alternately, and thus he moves with incredible celerity; so that an English boat, with twelve oars, is not able to keep up with him.* The broad flat part is generally inlaid, in a very tasty and fanciful manner, with portions of sea-horse teeth, cut into a variety of forms.

The dexterity with which they manage these canoes is really astonishing. No weather can prevent them from going out to sea; they venture out in the midst of tempestuous whirlwinds, and driving snows, with as much composure as if it were a perfect calm. Even though the sea should break over them, in an instant they are seen flying along the ridge of the wave.

But what appears still more extraordinary, is the power they possess of completely upsetting themselves in their canoes, so as to hang perpendicularly under the water. I shall relate an instance of this. Captain Turner was one day standing on the quarter-deck while the Indians were along-side trading; he observed at some distance an Esquimeaux paddling up and down, as if for amusement: having made a sign to him to come over, he told him he would give him a knife and a few needles, in case he would capsize himself in his canoe. The Indian immediately made tight all his running-strings, lapped some skins about his body, and having thus secured himself from the water entering, he looked at Captain Turner with a very significant air; he then inclined his body towards the surface of the water, and instantly dipped down; here he remained suspended for a few seconds, when he appeared at the op-

posite side in his former upright position. This he did three successive times. When he had done, he shook himself, laughed very heartily, and, after getting his knife and needles, paddled off.

The value which they set on their canoes is, as we might naturally suppose, very great; indeed, they will very rarely part with them, unless they get in exchange a considerable number of valuable articles, such as a tin-pot, a kettle, a saw, and perhaps a few gimblets. Captain Turner purchased one of the neatest I think I have ever seen: it was quite new, and was very beautifully ornamented. The hoop which surrounds the central aperture, instead of wood, was made of highly-polished ivory. The workmanship on the extremity of the paddle was exquisite. Before the owner parted with it he paddled up to an elderly man at some distance, whom, the captain told us, was his father; which, indeed, we had conjectured, as well from his aged appearance as from the great respect this young man appeared to pay to him. After deliberating for some time he returned, and told Mr. Turner he should have the canoe, and immediately set about emptying it of its contents. The articles which he took out he put into his father's; and having given it up to the captain, he stretched himself quite flat behind his parent, covering his face with his hands; here he lay quite composed, without the smallest motion. The father having received his tin-pot, kettle, hatchet, and a couple of files, rowed off. The day following we heard that this poor fellow had slipped off from behind his father while on their way to shore, and was drowned.

The avidity of these poor people for traffic, exceeded any thing I could have had an idea of. Many of them, after parting with all their goods, stripped themselves almost naked, and began to dispose of their clothes for the merest trifles. One man gave a very beautiful seal-skin jacket for an old rusty knife. Another parted with his breeches and boots for a file and a few needles. Another with a complete suit of clothes for a saw and a few pieces of old iron. At length, thinking they had

exhausted our entire stock of hardware, they began to barter with the ship's crew for their old clothes. It frequently afforded us a humorous sight to see those poor creatures disposing of their whole and comfortable, though rudely-formed garments, for a seaman's old working-jacket, or perhaps for an old checked shirt, through the numerous rents and apertures of which their copper-coloured skin here and there made its appearance. They generally paddled away in a great hurry, after completing the bargain, fearing lest the purchaser might possibly repent; an apprehension which I could assure them was quite groundless. One of them purchased an old red night-cap from the cook, and having adjusted it on his head, he looked at himself in a glass, and laughed most immoderately.

Several of them had bags of blubber, mixed with half-putrid, half-frozen flesh; these they offered for sale with great eagerness, and appeared very much surprised that they got no purchasers. Being anxious to examine their contents, I was induced to buy one; on opening it, however, such a shocking stench proceeded from it, that I very cheerfully restored it to the original possessor. I had no sooner returned it to him, than applying the open extremity to his mouth, he took a drink from it, licked his lips, and laid it aside very carefully. Others had raw seal's-flesh, which they also seemed to consider a great luxury. I have frequently seen them take out a piece, eat a portion of it, and, when done, lick their fingers and lips, as if they had been feeding on the fragments of some sumptuous banquet.

In consequence of the great number of canoes that were alongside the ship (no less than forty), they frequently tilted against each other; when this happened, they did not appear at all irritated, but rowed aside with the greatest good-humour. A few of them made off without giving any thing in return for the articles they had got from us; the rest did not appear to notice it, nor did they at all interfere.* After

paddling away a few yards from the ship, they generally turned about and laughed very heartily at those whom they had thus tricked. When disappointed in any article which they expected to get, they appeared very much irritated.

I recollect seeing on the canoe of one of the men an apparently very nice skin; I immediately held up a file to the Indian, and then pointed to the skin, thus intimating that I wished to exchange with him. On close examination, however, I found that it was completely rotten, and all over in holes, and signified to him that I did not think it sufficient value for the file. He immediately took up his paddle, and winding it round his head, made a desperate blow at me, the full benefit of which I should have received, but for the celerity with which I made up the gangway.

Several of the men had bows and arrows; they could not, however, be induced to part with them, owing, as the captain supposed, to their being then at war with some neighbouring tribe of Indians.

During the first day we were not visited by any of the women; the following morning, however, about ten o'clock, a large boatful came alongside, and in about an hour afterwards several others. The women's boat, or umiak, as they term it, differs very much in form from that of the men, being entirely open at top, and so large as to be capable of carrying thirty or forty persons. They are made of the same materials as those of the men. In the first boat that arrived there were about twenty women, and the same number of children. At the stern of it I observed an aged infirm old woman, with a thoughtful melancholy countenance; there was also something wild and unsettled in her looks. A highly-polished plate of brass surrounded her forehead, somewhat like a coronet; her hair was collected into small bobs, by means of the sinews of animals, and from each was suspended the tooth of some land-animal. In other respects her dress was like that of the rest: she appeared to have the command of the whole, as none of them bartered, even the most trifling article, without her

* This, however, arose a good deal, I fancy, from their companions being so much occupied in trading.

permission. I uniformly observed that men and women, when they had gotten any thing in exchange, immediately commenced licking it, to intimate, as I afterwards learned, that it was then their property. While trading with the women, I had an opportunity of observing how far they were from despising all sort of authority; they all appeared attentive to the voice of wisdom, which time and experience had conferred on the aged. It is age which teaches experience, and experience is the only source of knowledge amongst a barbarous people. I remarked that several of the mothers pointed repeatedly to the children's heads, as I supposed for the purpose of selling them; in this, however, I was quite mistaken, as they have for their children the greatest affection, and do not part with them for any consideration. I understood afterwards, that it was merely to recommend them to my notice, in order that I might give them something. The children, most of whom were about nine or ten years old, appeared of very lively dispositions, and many of them were really very well looking. I did not observe that they reprimanded them in any way; indeed, I am told that this is never done. Liberty is their darling passion; it is this which makes life supportable, and to it they are ready to sacrifice every thing; their education is directed, therefore, in such a manner as to cherish this disposition to the utmost. Reason, they say, will guide their children when they come to the use of it, and before that time their faults cannot be very considerable; but blows, by producing a slavish motive to action, might damp their free and martial spirit.

A few of the women had young children at the breast. I recollect one in particular, who, while very busy trading, was much annoyed with the crying of her young squaw, about six months old, which she had in the hood of her garment. Unwilling to be at the trouble of holding it to the breast,* she went up to the stern of the boat, where

* I may here remark, that their breasts, though very long and flaccid, are by no means of sufficient length to throw over their shoulders, as some have asserted.

the old woman was sitting, and took out a small bag of blubber, applied the open extremity to the infant's mouth, and pressing it beneath her thumb and forefinger, she in this way forced a quantity of it into the young thing's mouth; the crying immediately ceased, and, in a few minutes the young savage was fast asleep.

When the women had disposed of their merchandise, they all cried out, "Twa wi, twa wi;" and then pointed to the ship, thus intimating their wish that we should leave them.

In the evening about sixty of them, men, women, and children, came on board. The women appeared highly delighted with the dancing, and imitated it very closely. We shewed three or four of the men the bears we had taken on the ice. They appeared very much terrified at the sight of them, and uttered something which I could not understand. One of them pointed to his side, where I observed a large scar; he then made a growling kind of noise, and ran away with great speed. I thence concluded that this poor fellow had been bit by a bear some time previous. Tea being announced, we brought several of them down to the cabin, and placed before them wine, rum, sugar, bread, milk, and a variety of other things; but they rejected them all with the greatest disgust; sugar they appeared to dislike particularly. Every one of them, I observed, spit it out, and cleansed their mouths after it.

We happened to have for dinner that day some very nice roast pork, and being anxious to see if they would eat of it, I placed a large slice of it on a plate before one of them; I also laid a knife and fork before him. He appeared to like the meat well enough, but his knife and fork he managed very badly; for instead of introducing the piece on the fork into his mouth, the point of it went off to his cheek, while the hand went to his mouth. I was much amused with this singular instance of the strong force of habit. The children behaved themselves remarkably well. We could not, however, prevail on them to sit more than a few minutes in one position. When placed in a chair, they would look down on either side of it, jump up,

and run about the cabin. Being anxious to hear what the mother would say in case I attempted chastising one of them, I began to pull the ears of a very fine boy, about twelve years old, who was sitting beside me. The mother immediately stood up, and gave me a very fierce angry look. Observing that she was much displeased, I immediately began to pat him on the head, and gave him a few beads. She instantly recovered her good-humour, and cried out, "Chimo, chimo." There was only one of them attempted to pilfer. Happening to look round rather suddenly, I observed one of them slipping a silver spoon into his boot. I immediately arrested his hand, took the spoon, and shewed it to his companions. He did not appear at all ashamed of being detected, but laughed very heartily.

About ten o'clock they left us; the greater part of them made towards the shore, to which they were directed by the placid light of a full unclouded moon. We gazed after them for a considerable time, until at length they were lost in the shadowy line of land which lay before us. Those who remained about the ship, slept on the ice the entire night, with merely the interposition of a few seal-skins. Before retiring to rest, I observed them take from their canoes some raw seal-flesh and bags of blubber, on which they appeared to feast very sumptuously.

I remarked, that one of them kept watch in turn during the entire night; he walked about on the ice with a harpoon in his hand. This I fancy was more from a dread of being attacked by the bears, than from any apprehension they had of being attacked by the Europeans. A few of us remained on deck until a very late hour; at one time watching every motion of our northern friends, at another, gazing with astonishment and delight on the brilliant and impressive scenery with which we were surrounded. While thinking on the miserable condition of the squalid inhabitants of this dreary inhospitable climate, I was forcibly reminded of the following beautiful lines of Cowper:—

———"Within the enclosure of your rocks
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show, revers'd, the villas on their side:
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
No grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening, where you dwell."

Of their religious opinions I have been able to learn but little. Our imperfect acquaintance with their language; their avidity for traffic, which was so great as to prevent their attending to any enquiries on such matters; these, together with the shortness of our stay among them, rendered it very difficult to ascertain any thing of a satisfactory nature on that subject. Some have very foolishly supposed that they adored a small figure resembling a bear, and made from the tooth of the sea-horse: it is, however, merely intended as a kind of amusement during their long and tedious winter-evenings. From the body, which is perforated with a number of small holes, hangs a slender piece of stick, pointed; and, on this, they endeavour to catch the bear, just in the same way as the cup and ball is used by the boys in this country.

The following conversation, which is related by the accurate historian Crantz, to have passed between a converted Greenlander and one of the Moravian missionaries, will probably afford a better idea of their religious sentiments than any account I could give. The missionary having expressed his wonder how they could formerly lead such a senseless life, void of all reflection, one of them answered as follows: "It is true we were ignorant heathens, and knew nothing of a God or a Saviour; and, indeed, who should tell us of him, till you came?—But thou must not imagine, that no Greenlander thinks about these things. I, myself, have often thought a kajak (boat), with all its tackle and implements, does not grow into existence of itself; but must be made by the labour and ingenuity of man, and one that does not understand it would directly spoil it. Now, the meanest bird has far more skill displayed in its structure than the best kajak, and no man can make a bird. But there is a still far greater art shown in the formation of a man than of any oth-

er creature. Who was it that made him? I bethought me, he proceeded from his parents, and they from their parents. But some must have been the first parents: whence did they come? Common report informs they grew out of the earth. But if so, why does it not still happen that men grow out of the earth? And from whence did this same earth itself, the sea, the sun, the moon, and stars, rise into existence? Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things—a Being that always was, and can never cease to be. He must be inexpressibly more mighty, knowing, and wise, than the wisest man. He must be very good too; because, every thing that he has made is good, useful, and necessary for us. Ah! did I but know him, how would I love him and honour him! But who has seen him? Who has conversed with him?—none of us poor men. Yet there may be men too that know something of him. Oh! could I but speak with such! Therefore, (said he) as soon as ever I heard you speak of this Great Being, I believed it directly with all my heart, because I

had so long desired it." They all believe in a future state, but differ very much with regard to its nature and situation. In general, they imagine it to be a better state than this temporal life, and that it will never end. As they procure the greater part of their food from the bosom of the sea, therefore many of them place their Elysium in the abysses of the ocean, or bowels of the earth, and think the deep cavities of the rocks are the avenues leading to it. There, they imagine, dwells a Tonjarink and his mother; there a joyous summer is perpetual, and a shining sun obscured by no night; there is the fair limpid stream, and an exuberance of fowls, and their beloved seals, and these are all to be caught without toil; nay, they are even found in a great kettle ready drest. But to these places none must approach, except those that have been dexterous and diligent at their work; that have performed great exploits, have mastered many whales and seals, have undergone great hardships, have been drowned in the sea, or died in childbed.

THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.*

THE marriage party were to meet in a little lonesome dell, well known to all the dwellers round St. Mary's Loch. A range of bright green hills goes southward from its shores, and between them and the high heathery mountains lies a shapeless scene of cliffs, moss, and pasture, partaking both of the beauty and the grandeur between which it so wildly lies. All these cliffs are covered with native birch trees, except a few of the loftiest that shoot up their bare points in many fantastic forms; that moss, full of what the shepherds call "hags," or hollows worn by the weather, or dug out for fuel, waves, when the wind goes by, its high rich-blossomed and fragrant heath; and that pasturage, here and there in circular spots of emerald verdure, affords the sweetest sustenance to the sheep to be found among

all that mountainous region. It was in one of these circles of beautiful herbage, called by the Shepherds "The Queen Fairy's Parlour," that Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay, who had been long betrothed were now to be made man and wife. It was nearly surrounded by large masses, or ledges of loose rocks, piled to a considerable height upon each other by some strong convulsion, and all adorned with the budding and sweet-breathing birches, while the circle was completed by one overshadowing cliff that sheltered it from the north blast, and on whose airy summit the young hawks were shrilly and wildly crying in their nest.

The bridegroom was sitting there with his bride, and her bridesmaid; and by and by, one friend after another appeared below the natural arch that all dropping with wild flowers, formed

* See Ath. vol. xi. p. 430.

the only entrance into this lonely Tabernacle. At last they all stood up in a circle together—shepherds decently apparelled,—shepherdesses all dressed in raiment bleached whiter than the snow in the waters of the mountain-spring, and the grey-headed Minister of God, who, driven from his kirk by blood-thirsty persecution, prayed and preached in the wilderness, baptized infants with the water of the running brook, and joined in wedlock, the hands of those whose hearts longed to be united in those dark and deadly times. Few words were uttered by the gracious old man; but these few were solemn and full of cheer, impressed upon the hearts of the wedded pair, by the tremulous tones of a voice that was not long for this world, by the sanctity of his long white locks unmoved by a breath of air and by the fatherly and apostolical motion of his uplifted hand, that seemed to conduct down upon them who stood in awe before him the blessing of that God who delighteth in an humble heart. The short ceremony was now closed,—and Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay were united, till death should sunder them on earth to reunite them in heaven.

Greetings were interchanged,—and smiles went round, with rosy blushes, and murmuring and whispering voices of irreproachable mirth. What though the days were dark, and the oppressor strong? Here was a place unknown to his feet; and now was a time to let the clear sparkling fountain of nature's joy well up in all hearts. Sadness and sorrow overshadowed the land; but human life was not yet wholly a waste; and the sweet sunshine that now fell down through a screen of fleecy clouds upon the Queen Fairy's Parlour, was it not to enliven and rejoice all their souls? Was it not to make the fair bride fairer in her husband's eyes—her smile brighter, and the ringlets more yellow as they hung over a forehead that wore its silken snood no longer, but in its changed covering gracefully showed that Christian Lindsay was now a wife? The tabor and the pipe were heard; and footsteps, that left no print on the hard smooth verdant floor, kept time to the merry measures. Perhaps the old man would have frowned on such

pastime—perhaps Covenanters ought not to have indulged in promiscuous dancing—perhaps it may be said to be false that they did so; but the Minister has gone now to his own hiding-place. These covenanters were young, and this occasion was a happy one; and dance they did, most assuredly, wicked as it may have been, and improper as it may be to record such wickedness. The young hawks were not a little alarmed; and an old ram, who happened to put in his twisted horns below the arch, got a fright, that made him bound backwards out of the enchanted circle. The hill blackbird wondered; but he himself joined the dance upon the birchen spray—and although no great songster, he did his best, and chirped cheerfully his notes in the din of the general happiness.

But as the evening hours were advancing, the party kept dropping away one by one, or in pairs, just as it had gathered; and the Fairy Queen had her Parlour all to herself undisturbed, if she chose at night to hold a court beneath the lamp of the Moon.

Where had the young married pair their bridal chamber? Mark Kerr had a shealing on the mountain-side, from which was just visible one bay of St. Mary's Loch. The walls were built of turf, and the roof of heather—and surrounded as it was on all sides by large stones, wooded cliffs, knowes, and uneven eminences, it was almost as likely to escape notice as the nest of a bird, or the lair of a roe. Thither he took his bride. Her little bridesmaid had a small covert of her own, distant only a few roods, and the friends could see each other standing at the door of each shealing, through the intercepting foliage of the waving birches that hung down their thin and ineffectual veil till it swept the blooming heather.

On a small seat, framed of the roots of decayed trees, Mark Kerr was now sitting with his own sweet Christian; when he gently raised her head from his bosom, and told her to go into the shealing, for he saw people on the hill-side, whose appearance, even at that distance, he did not like. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed a party of soldiers were at hand. Mark knew

that he had been observed for some time ; and to attempt escape with his bride was impossible. So he rose up at their approach, and met them with a steady countenance, though there were both fear and sorrow in his heart. Christian had obeyed him, and the shealing was silent.

"Is your name Mark Kerr?" "Yes—that is my name." "Were you at Yarrow-Ford when a prisoner was rescued and a soldier murdered?" "I was—but did all I could to save that soldier's life." "You wolf, you mangled his throat with your own bloody fangs—but we have traced you to your den, and the Ghost of Hugh Gemmel, who was as pleasant either with lad or lass as any body that ever emptied a cup or had a fall upon a heather, will shake hands with you by moonlight by and by. You may meet either in the churchyard, down by the Loch, where your Canting Covenanters will bury you, or down at Yarrow-Kirk, where Hugh was put to bed with the worms, in his red coat, like a soldier as he was. By the Holy God of Israel—(is not that a lump of your own slang?)—this bayonet shall drink a stoup of your heart's blood."

Mark Kerr knew, in a moment, that there was no hope of life. He had confessed being present on the occasion charged against him ; and a sentence of death, which an angel's intercession could not have got reversed, was glaring in the eyes of all the soldiers. Each man seemed to kindle into fiercer fury as he caught the fiery eyes around him. Their oaths and execrations exasperated them all into frenzy ; and a wild perturbed sense of justice demanding expiation of their murdered comrade's blood, made them deaf and blind to every thing but the suggestions of their own irritated and inflamed hearts. A horrid sympathy possessed them all ; and they were as implacable as a herd of wolves famished and in sight of their prey. There was no mercy in any one face there, else Mark Kerr would have appealed to that man, for his life was now sweet and precious, and it was a hard thing to die. "I know his face. He is the very man that stabbed Hugh when he was down

with his own bayonet. How do you like that, sirrah?"—and one of the soldiers thrust his long bayonet through Mark's shoulder, till the point was seen at his back, and then drew it out smeared with blood, and returned it to its sheath, with a grin of half-glutted vengeance. The wounded man staggered at the blow and sat down, nearly fainting, upon the seat where a few minutes before his bride had leant her head upon his bosom. But he uttered not a word, and kept his eyes fixed, not reproachfully, but somewhat sadly and with a faint expression of hope, on the men who seemed determined to be his executioners. The pain, the sickness, the sudden blasting of all his hopes, almost unmanned his resolute heart ; and Mark Kerr would have now done much to save his life,—and something, perhaps, even at the expense of Conscience and Faith. But that weak mood was of short duration,—and the good and brave man braced up his heart to receive the doom of death.

Meanwhile one of the soldiers had entered the shealing, and brought out Christian in his grasp. A loud shout of laughter, and scornful exultation followed. "Ho—ho—my Heath-Cock, you have got your bonny hen?—Catch a Covenanter without his comfort.—Is your name Grace, my bonny bairn?" Christian looked around, and saw Mark sitting pale and speechless, with his breast covered with clotted blood. She made no outcry, for grief, and pity, and consternation, struck her dumb. She could not move for the soldier held her in his arms. But she looked in the ruffian's face with such an imploring countenance, that unconsciously he let her go, and then she went up tottering to poor Mark, and with her white bridal gown wiped off the gore from his breast, and kissed his clayey and quivering lips. She then ran to the spring that lay sparkling among its cresses, within a few yards of the shealing, and brought a handful of cold water, which she sprinkled tenderly over his face. The human soul is a wild and terrible thing when inflamed with cruelty and revenge. The soldiers saw little more in all this than a subject for loathsome scurrility and ferocious merriment ; and

as Christian looked wildly round upon them, one asked, "Are you his sister—his cousin—or his drab?" "Oh! soldiers—soldiers—I am his wife—this blessed day was I married to him. If any of you are married men, think of your wives now at home—remember the day they were brides, and do not murder us quite—if, indeed, my Mark is not already murdered." "Come, come, Mrs. Sweetlips, no more whining—you shall not want a husband. I will marry you myself, and so I dare say will the sergeant there, and also the corporal. Now you have had indulgence enough—so stand back a bit; and do you, Master Paleface, come forward, and down upon your marrow bones." Mark, with great difficulty, rose up, and knelt down as he was ordered.

He had no words to say to his bride; nor almost did he look at her—so full was his soul of her image, and of holy grief for the desolation in which she would be left by his death. The dewy breath of her gentle and pure kisses was yet in his heart; and the happy sighs of maidenly tenderness were now to be changed into groans of incurable despair. Therefore it was, that he said nothing as he knelt down, but his pallid lips moved in prayer, and she heard her name indistinctly uttered between those of God and Christ.

Christian Lindsay had been betrothed to him for several years, and nothing but the fear of some terrible evil like this had kept them so long separate. Dreadful, therefore, as this hour was, their souls were not wholly unprepared for it, although there is always a miserable difference between reality and mere imagination. She now recalled to her mind, in one comprehensive thought, their years of innocent and youthful affection; and then the holy words so lately uttered by the old man in that retired place, alas! called by too vain a name, "The Queen-Fairy's Parlour!" The tears began now to flow—they both wept—for this night was Mark Kerr's head to lie, not on her bosom, but in the grave, or unburied on the ground. In that agony, what signified to her all the insulting, hideous, and inhuman language of these licentious murderers? They

fell off her soul, without a stain, like polluted water off the plumage of some fair seabird. And as she looked on her husband upon his knees, awaiting his doom, him the temperate, the merciful, the gentle, and the just, and then upon those wrathful, raging, fiery-eyed, and bloody-minded men, are they, thought her fainting heart, of the same kind? are they framed by one God? and hath Christ alike died for them all?

She lifted up her eyes, full of prayers, for one moment to heaven, and then, with a cold shudder of desertion, turned them upon her husband, kneeling with a white-fixed countenance, and half dead already with the loss of blood. A dreadful silence had succeeded to that tumult; and she dimly saw a number of men drawn up together without moving, and their determined eyes held fast upon their victim. "Think, my lads, that is Hugh Gemmel's Ghost that commands you now," said a deep hoarse voice—"no mercy did the holy men of the mountain show to him when they smashed his skull with large stones from the channel of the Yarrow. Now for revenge."

The soldiers presented their muskets—the word was given—and they fired. At that moment Christian Lindsay had rushed forward and flung herself down on her knees beside her husband, and they both fell, and stretched themselves out mortally wounded upon the grass.

During all this scene, Marion Scott, the bridesmaid, a girl of fifteen, had been lying affrighted among the brackens within a hundred yards of the murder. The agony of grief had now got the better of the agony of fear, and, leaping up from her concealment, she rushed into the midst of the soldiers, and kneeling down beside her dear Christian Lindsay, lifted up her head, and shaded the hair from her forehead. "Oh! Christian, your eyes are opening—do you hear me speaking?" "Yes, I hear a voice—is it yours, Mark?—speak again." "Oh Christian, it is only my voice—poor Marion's." "Is Mark dead—quite dead?" And there was no reply; but Christian must have heard the deep gasping sobs that were rending the child's heart. Her eyes,

too, opened more widely, and misty as they were, they saw, indeed, close by her, the huddled up, mangled, and bloody body of her husband.

The soldiers stood like so many beasts of prey, who had gorged their fill of blood; their rage was abated—and they offered no violence to the affectionate child, as she continued to sit before them, with the head of Christian Lindsay in her lap, watering it with tears, and moaning so as to touch, at last, some even of their hardened hearts. When blood is shed it soon begins to appear a fearful sight to the shedder—and the hand begins to tremble that has let out human life. Cruelty cannot sustain itself in presence of that rueful colour, and remorse sees it reddening into a more ghastly hue. Some of the soldiers turned away in silence, or with a half-suppressed oath—others strayed off among the trees, and sat down together; and none would now have touched the head of pretty little Marion. The man whom they shot deserved death—so said they to one another—and he had got it; but the woman's death was accidental, and they were not to blame because she had run upon their fire. So, before the smell and the smoke of the gun-powder has been carried away by the passing breeze from that place of murder, all were silent, and could hardly bear to look one another in the face. Their work had been lamentable indeed. For now they began to see that these murdered people were truly bridegroom and bride. She was lying there dressed with her modest white bridal garments and white ribbands, now streaked with many streams of blood from mortal wounds. So, too, was she who was supporting her head. It was plain that a bridal party had been this very day—and that their hands had prepared for a happy and affectionate newly wedded pair that bloody bed, and a sleep from which there was to be no awaking at the voice of morn. They stood looking appalled on the bodies, while, on the wild flowers around them, which the stain of blood had not yet reached, loudly and cheerfully were murmuring the mountain-bees.

Christian Lindsay was not quite

dead, and she at last lifted herself up a little way out of Marion's lap, and then falling down with her arms over her husband's neck, uttered a few indistinct words of prayer, and expired.

Marion Scott had never seen death before and it was now presented to her in its most ghastly and fearful shape. Every horror she had ever heard talked of in the hiding-places of her father and relations was now realized before her eyes, and for any thing she knew it was now her turn to die. Had she dreamed in her sleep of such a trial, her soul would have died within her,—and she would have convulsively shrieked aloud on her bed. But the pale, placid, happy-looking face of dead Christian Lindsay, whom she had loved as an elder sister, and who had always been so good to her from the time she was a little child, inspired her now with utter fearlessness—and she could have knelt down to be shot by the soldiers without one quickened pulsation at her heart. But now the soldiers were willing to leave the bloody green, and the leader told Marion she might go her ways and bring her friends to take care of the dead bodies. No one, he said, would hurt her. And soon after, the party disappeared.

Marion remained for a while beside the dead. Their wounds bled out now. But she brought water from the little spring and washed them all decently, and left not a single stain upon either of their faces. She disturbed as little as possible, the position in which they lay; nor removed Christian's arms from her husband's neck. She lifted one of the arms up for a moment to wipe away a spot of blood, but it fell down again of itself, and moved no more.

During all this time the setting sunlight was giving a deeper tinge to the purple heather, and as Marion lifted up her eyes to heaven she saw in the golden west the last relics of the day. All the wild was silent—not a sound was there but that of the night-hawk. And the darkening stillness touched Marion's young soul with a trembling superstition, as she looked at the dead bodies, then up to the uncertain sky and over the glimmering shades of the

solitary glen. The poor girl was half afraid of the deepening hush, and the gathering darkness. Yet the spirits of those she had so tenderly loved would not harm her : they had gone to Heaven. Could she find heart to leave them thus lying together ?—Yes—there was nothing, she thought, to molest the dead. No raven inhabited this glen ; nothing but the dews would touch them, till she went to the nearest hiding-place, and told her father or some other friends of the murder.

Before the moon had risen, the same party that on the morning had been present at their marriage, had assembled on the hillside before the shealing where Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay were now lifted up together on a heather-couch, and lying cold and still as the grave. The few maids and matrons who had been in that happy scene in the Queen-Fairy's Parlour, had not yet laid aside their white dresses, and the little starry ribband-knots, or bride's favours, were yet upon their breasts. The old Minister had come from his cave, and not for many years, had he wept till now ; but this was a case even for the tears of an old religious man of fourscore.

To watch by the dead all night, and to wait for some days till they could be coffined for burial, was not to be thought of in such times of peril. That would have been to sacrifice the living foolishly for the dead. The soldiers had gone. But they might—no doubt would return and scatter the funeral. Therefore it was no sooner proposed than agreed to in the afflicted souls of them all, that the bridegroom and his bride should be buried even that very

night in the clothes in which they had that morning been wedded. A bier was soon formed of the birch-tree boughs ; and with their faces meekly looking up to Heaven, now filled with moonlight, they were borne along in sobbing silence, up the hills and down along the glens, till the party stood together in the lone burial-ground, at the head of St. Mary's Loch. A grave was dug for them there, but that was not their own burial-place. For Mark Kerr's father and mother lay in the churchyard of Melrose, and the parents of Christian Lindsay slept in that of Bothwell, near the flow of the beautiful Clyde. The grave was half filled with heather, and gently were they let down together, even as they were found lying on the green before their shealing, into that mournful bed. The old man afterwards said a prayer—not over them—but with the living. Then sitting down on the grave-stones, they spoke of the virtues of the dead. They had, it is true, been cut off in their youthful prime ; but many happy days and years had been theirs—their affection for each other had been a pleasant solace to them in toil, poverty, and persecution. This would have been a perplexing day to those who had not faith in God's perfect holiness and mercy. But all who mourned now together were wholly resigned to his dispensations, and soon all eyes were dried. In solemn silence they all quitted the churchyard, and then the funeral party which a few hours ago had been a marriage one, dissolved among the hills and glens and rocks, and left Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay to everlasting rest.

SINGULAR CASE OF CORNEOUS EXCRESCENCE.

(Monthly Magazine.)

PAUL Rodriguez, a packer or warehouseman, in the city of Mexico, was tall and stout, with an athletic constitution. He was observed to keep his head constantly wrapped up with a handkerchief, as

if to conceal some large *lupia* or wen, or some other deformity.

One day, when at his labour, near a heap of sugar hogsheads, a barrel rolled down from the top of the pile, and struck him on the head. He fell

to the ground senseless, with a great effusion of blood, and was conveyed to the Hospital of St. Andrew, where a large and hard substance was discovered on the right side of his crown, or top of the head. In its circumference it was about fourteen inches, and divided into two branches, at a little distance from its base, forming two large crooked horns, whose extremities, some inches in length, bent back under the ear. One of them, the highest, was found to be broken off, about two-thirds, from its origin or root; the other, at the distance of three inches from its root, had a much smaller branch appended to it, which protruded sideways down to the middle of the cheek. By means of a circular interval the person could easily reach at his ear. The whole lump was of a horny nature, and the surface was like that of ram's horns, striated and full of knots, as if formed of successive layers. A fragment that was burnt yielded a scent like animal substances of the same kind, when submitted to the action of fire.

The violence of the blow from the barrel had rent and detached one of the horns in several places, and this gave rise to the bleeding. Though near, this enormous excrescence had no adherence with the bones of the cranium. The eye-lids and forehead had been swelled and puffed up, so that the person could but half open his right eye.

To the above may be added analogous instances, which seem no less remarkable, and are equally circumstantial and satisfactory.

In 1599, De Thou saw in the province of Le Maine, a peasant named François Trouillet, aged thirty-five, who had on the right side of his forehead a horn, chamfered or fluted longitudinally, spreading out and curving to the left, till the point came in contact with the cranium. This protru-

sion would have inflicted a wound, if he had not submitted, from time to time, to the operation of cutting it. But this was always attended with extreme pain; and even roughly handling this excrescence excited uneasiness.

This peasant had retired into the woods, to conceal this disagreeable deformity from the world; but one day he was pursued and overtaken by the people belonging to the Marechal de Lavardin, and, when the valets pulled off his bonnet, to salute their master, they were overwhelmed with astonishment at the sight of the horn. Trouillet was afterwards taken to court, and presented to Henry IV.; but, when made a common spectacle to the Parisians, as some singular wild beast, he took it to heart, and died of chagrin.

Aldobrandi reports the case of a young peasant, who carried on his head a horn about the size of the middle finger. He was but a child, and was removed in 1689 to the hospital of Bologna, for the excision of this vegetative product.

Mr. Scudder, proprietor of the New York Museum, reports that he has seen and handled a horn seven inches long, taken from the head of an elderly lady, after her death. It had grown on the mastoid apophysis, along the ear, and on the root of another horn, which had been previously amputated.

About six years ago, a man was exhibited in the Philadelphia Museum, who had on his sternum a horn four inches in length, and who felt no other inconvenience from it than what its size and weight excited.

Dr. Chatard, of Baltimore, relates his having seen at New York, some years ago, an old woman who had on her nose a horn about an inch in length, and shaped like that of the rhinoceros.

PEVERELL OF THE PEAK.

A ROMANCE. BY THE "AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY," &c.

THIS title has been announced in the Edinburgh Magazines as that of the novel which is to succeed the *Fortunes of Nigel*, by the author of *Waverley*. Induced by this advertisement to look into the early annals of the House of Peverell, we shall digest our research into a short sketch.

In Pegge's *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, the twin castles of Bolsover and Peak, in the county of Derby, are described. Bolsover, was probably erected by William Peverell, the natural son of William the Conqueror, and a Norman baron of great trust and power, who lived till the 7th year of the reign of Stephen. This fortress, in conjunction with Peak Castle, sufficed to overawe and keep in order the whole northern parts of the county.

William Peverell, the son of the above, poisoned Ranulph Earl of Chester, for which foul act his estates and employments were forfeited to the crown in the reign of Henry II. A part of the criminal's demesnes continued under this forfeiture for many years, though another part went to his daughter. Richard I. gave the castles of Pecci and Bolsoveres to his brother John, the former being considered as almost impregnable, and consequently of much importance in those restless times. Peak passed into the hands of the Nevills; and Mr. Pegge says—

"The true designation of the fortress is Peak-Castle, with one small variation in the orthography. It was accordingly sometimes called Castle-Peverell."*

"It is highly creditable, that in ancient times, long before William Peverell raised his structure, there had existed a fortification at this place, and that Peverell in his erection made use of the ruins thereof. The situation, it must be allowed, is such, as to induce invaders of every nation to plant a hold upon it."

In the 6th volume of the *Archaeologia* (Mr. King's *Sequel to Observations on Ancient Castles*) it is more picturesquely stated.

* It is rather a curious coincidence that the uncommon name of Nigel occurs in the very page we are quoting.

"The next castle which strikes us with high ideas of its great antiquity, is Castleton in Derbyshire; perched proudly, like a falcon's nest, on the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, high impending over the mouth of one of the most horrid and august caverns that nature ever formed. The eminence whereon it stands is nearly insulated; the top of the adjacent hill over the cavern being much lower, and joined, even there, only by a steep precipice falling from the summit of the one down to the other.

"On the west and east-sides the rock is quite perpendicular; and to the north and south so steep that it cannot be ascended without the utmost difficulty. The whole commands a fine view of the country round, and of the mountain called Mam Tor, with the double foss of the old encampment placed on the highest brow of that shivering mountain.

"There is not even any tradition preserved of the first building of Castleton. And some *herring-bone* work in the walls shews that it must have been of vast antiquity.

"The ascent to it was by a narrow winding path, up a most formidable steep, where a very small band of men might defy an army: and after ascending this you find the castle-walls to possess nearly the whole of the summit. The great gate was on the eastern side, but it is now destroyed; and it seems to have had no mote or draw-bridge; as indeed none would be necessary in such a situation. On entering the area there appear no vestiges of additional buildings that I could trace; but only a large space for encampment, with two little turrets, and the keep itself.

"After climbing the steep ascent, and traversing a small part of the brink of the precipice, in order to arrive at the great portal, the whole area of the castle was next to be passed through, before the keep (or tower of residence) could be approached; which stands at the remotest, and best protected corner of the area; and bears evident marks of the greatest antiquity. Its dimensions within, like that at Connisborough, are small; being only 21 feet by 19; but the walls are near eight feet in thickness. It had no entrance on the ground, unless it was by a very narrow winding passage where you now enter, by the side of which was a steep winding staircase; and whether there was any *original* entrance even here is perhaps to be doubted."

In this lower apartment are two small loops, one to the east and one to the north; but there was no loop towards the outside of the castle, except one at a great height. Indeed its antiquity is so remote, that the use of the

portcullis, and of wells within the wall for drawing up the beams of military machines, does not appear to have been understood when it was constructed. In the room above the first floor of the keep (if we employ so modern a phrase,) was the great entrance, by a flight of steps from the ballium to the platform, at the end of which was the magnificent portal. In this chamber were two windows, both these were so guarded, and so deep in embrasure, that no weapon shot from the outside of the castle-walls could possibly reach them. On the west side, exposed to the country, was no window at all, nor any opening (on this side of the building,) but the narrow loop near the top. In one of the corners there is a narrow passage to a small closet formed in the thickness of the wall; at the opposite corner is a similar closet, perhaps the well; but this is a point of antiquarian dubiety. In a third corner is the staircase to the upper state-apartment, very narrow, and rendered dangerous to invaders by several sharp turns. At the top of this stair, in the state-apartment, is a curious arched dome of stone, very singular in its construction, but very neat. There is but one window, a large one to the south, over the portal, and looking into the ballium of the castle.

"But the most remarkable thing here (says Mr. King) is a large nich in the wall, on the east side, with a singular kind of canopy, or ornament, at top; which having no window belonging to it, nor any flue above nor any outlet that could possibly induce the least suspicion of its serving for a chimney, leaves us room to suspect that it might have been designed for the same purpose as that smaller one at Connisborough; and was indeed the *idol cell*, or little idolatrous chapel, in Pagan times. A circumstance, which, if it be connected with that of the digging up certain small idols themselves, in this neighbourhood, a few years ago, will still add further strength to our conclusion, that the castle was of the highest antiquity, and may with the greatest propriety be classed with that of Connisborough. It is very remarkable, that on the north wall, there is a very odd appearance of projecting stones, in the form of a pent, as if, in latter ages, whilst the castle was in use, a roof had been *let in*; the sides of which were placed beneath this cell, on purpose to exclude it out of the apartment, from a just abhorrence of its original design.

"Such, therefore, as these two, I think, we may now fairly conclude, were some of

the fortresses, and places of royal residence, during the Heptarchy; although there unquestionably were during the same period, many other Saxon fortifications, consisting of entrenchments of earth; which have hitherto, for want of due examination, been considered by some antiquaries as the only Saxon castles."

From this summary our readers will gather, that if the Peak Castle be the scene of the forthcoming Novel, it affords very romantic and striking objects for description. The barbarous splendour and the sanguinary crimes of a Norman Baron, though acted within the keep of a castle with only one room on a floor, and that not the size of a modern cottage parlour, could have no more interesting site than the Castle of the Peak, and the wild and extraordinary country around it. Of the story of Ranulph's murder, which is probably the main incident of the Novel, we know little. Mr. Rhodes, in the beautiful work on Peak Scenery,* states, that the correctness of the accusation was hardly disputable, and that the possessor of the brief honour of the Peverels, kings of the Peak, ignominiously fled to another country, stigmatized with the character of a murderer.

To a friend we are indebted for the following addition, but we do not know whence he has derived his information:

" - - - "He's now coming down to levy *black mail* on my own territories: this same Peverel was the father of the fair Mellet, who was offered in spousal, with the dower of land and lea, to the bravest knight in Christendom who should win her in tournament in the Peak. FITZGWARINE the Great was the successful combatant 'with a proud peacocke for his crest,' against Alexander king of Scotland, and a king of France (I forget which king) and several knights of arms. He brought her to Whittington, his barony and domain." - - -

From a recent visit to the spot, we are prepared to enjoy with delight any fine descriptions of its bold and unusual landscapes. The rude and frightful hills, opening into the most pastoral valleys (such as the vale of Castleton, which stretches from the Shivering Mam-Tor all along beneath the ruins of the Peak Castle,) and watered by lonely streams, such as the Wye, the Dove, and the Derwent, do not present external features more worthy of the pen of

* See *Athenium*, vol. 5, p. 387.

Waverley, than do the internal wonders of this extraordinary region. The Peak-cavern is in itself an inestimable treasure; for imagination could not conceive a place more suited to a tale of feudal romance, and ruthless assassination. This tremendous excavation is 750 yards in length, its entrance the most grand and solemn that fancy could devise, under an impending canopy of a huge rocky arch. Soon is the light of day lost in its recesses; subterraneous streams are passed, and alternately we wind along low-roofed and rugged passages, dripping caves, and spacious domes possessing more than cathedral magnitude and more than Gothic gloom. But not only this cavern, but the whole of the Peak of Derby, must be seen to have the effects upon the mind appreciated. We never spent a fortnight of more unmingled gratification than in making a tour of this remarkable region; and at this season of the year, when such excursions are so generally taken, we are sure no recommendation of ours could lead to a greater gratification than that of a visit to the Peak of Derby. The natural beauties and stalactical caves of Matlock; the druidical remains of Robin Hood's Leap and adjacent Moor; the Rocking Stones, of many tons weight, moved by a finger; the exploration of mines; the ancient baronial edifice of Haddon Hall; the more modern splendour of Chatsworth; the delights of Bakewell; the wonders of Castleton and its vicinage; the ebbing and flowing Well; and Buxton with all its attractions, are within the scope of ten days' enjoyment; and we will venture to say that there is no district of the same extent in Europe which offers greater attractions to the curious of every class. But our recollected admiration of these scenes has diverted us from

Peverel of the Peak, to whose ruined walls we paid a lengthened visit, examining their ancient remains with the utmost interest. The Saxon Herringbone still exists in the wall of the Keep. The ballium and its two square turrets are in good preservation. The zig-zag ascent from Castleton, on the east side, though you see the castle on the top of the hill, is hardly practicable without a guide, and very laborious. But the summit would repay a hundred times the toil. To the south the sight reposes on the sweet vale of Castleton. The west is commanded by higher mountains, between which and the Peak runs a deep ravine, whose side towards the Castle is a perfect precipice. On the north and north-east are seen the striking outlets from this hill-surrounded scene, and the famous Mam-Tor, whose splintery rocks often descend with a voice of thunder into the valley below.

Such is the seat of the once mighty family of the Peverels and their history offered to the hand of the Northern Magician; who, if he resemble other magicians, will find every material for enchantment, from the terrific caverns of Gnomes or Banditti, to the loveliest scenes of nature in the midst of her most awful forms, the mist-covered hill and stormy upper peak;—and for his human pictures all the wilderness and feudal grandeur of those times when the Baron's Keep rung to the Bard's song; his walls, filled with savage retainers, displayed manners and customs well worth the preserving record of such a limner; and his female companions, his family, his friends and his foes, bore a stamp and impress so peculiar, as to be susceptible of being wrought into the tapestry of fiction with all the fidelity, spirit, and interest of *Ivanhoe*.

APHORISMS, THOUGHTS, AND OPINIONS ON MORALS.

(*European Magazine.*)

WITHOUT command of temper, no one can be sure of always speaking the truth; for many persons of both sexes utter, while under the dominion of passion, what they are glad to disown and explain away when their passion is over.

The egotism of the sick, and of the dying, is as interesting, as that of other persons is wearisome and disgusting.

Who can calculate on the mischiefs resulting from the weak boastings of vanity, uttered by impudence, and supported by falsehood?

Occasional irritability of nerves, and secret anxiety, may sometimes overset even the finest temper. We must, therefore, denominate as fine tempered, not those who are never out of humour, for where are they to be found? but those who are most rarely thrown off their guard.

If happiness be the goal in view, virtue and talent may be called two Arabian coursers, which, however fleet and powerful, would never reach the desired and destined point, unless managed and guided by the hand of Temper.

The talent exhibited in caricatures is of a very low order of humour, and is of the highest order of malignity; and there is a little warp in the mind that takes delight in them.

Lampoons of the pen, as well as lampoons of the pencil, are offensive to good taste and feeling, though not equally so with the latter, as the former are chiefly directed against mental, and, therefore, perhaps, corrigible imperfections; whereas, the latter are usually levelled at those of the body, which are, surely, more objects of pity than ridicule. But though less the degree of malice, the lampoon is of the same quality as the caricature; and the mind that can write the one, would probably, if it could, draw the other.

There exists not any man, or woman, of an affectionate and generous nature, who would not much rather blame themselves than blame the object of their esteem and tenderness; and no feeling is more difficult to be borne, than the conscious degradation of the being, one has fondly adored.

Who can say to what degradation to one's self, or destruction to another, the indulgence of vanity may not lead? It may only be weakness in the first instance; in the second it may be vice.

A family friend, or *l'ami de la maison*, (as the French call him) may be dangerous to the peace of a married couple, unless he be honourable, and the wife well-principled; for he who is a guest at all times, and welcome at all hours, must sometimes come when a cloud has gathered on the brow of the husband, or the wife, and the latter con-

trasts, perhaps, with the frowns of her husband, the unruffled brow, the complacent smile, and constant attention of the visitor and friend.—At such moments, how easily, if left alone with her, may an artful man win from a weak woman a detail of the causes of her husband's ill-humour and complaints of his unkindness, while he, in reply, wonders how any man can have a heart to afflict such excellence.

In what misery does not one frail woman involve all who are connected with her!—But let those women, who are apt to consider thoughtlessness as an error of no consequence, either in themselves or others, remember that she violates her duty both to society and herself, who gives any one reason to say, or even to insinuate, that appearance is against her.

A child of four years old knows right from wrong as well as a person of forty; and the boy, who lies at four years old, will lie when he is grown up; and it is to prevent this, that he ought to be reasoned or punished out of this fault when a child.

Those, accustomed in childhood to curb and deny their little appetites and passions, will be best able to struggle with and surmount the passions and appetites of their riper years.

It is the observation of every unprejudiced person, that those parents are treated by their children, through life, with the most regular attention, affection, and respect, whose conduct towards their offspring, through every stage of their existence, has been marked by undeviating principles and ever watchful care—by salutary severity, tempered by parental tenderness; and who laid down for their education rules of right acting, which they enforced by habitual firmness—that rules, like the steady flame which guided the children of Israel at night from the land of Egypt, led them safely through the dangers of childhood, and quitted them not till every peril was past.

The incidents of real life are sometimes more incredible than any thing we read of in fictitious history, and most of us can remember, probably, some well-authenticated fact which happened

in our memory, that has called forth the sneer of incredulity, when it has, at a distant period, been communicated to others.

Love casts its own hue over all that it beholds. As a Claude Lorraine gloss sheds one equal and beautifying tint over every landscape, and every cloud, giving warmth to coldness, and clothing barren scenes in beauty, so love gives a charm even to unamiable qualities in the eyes of an ardent lover.

It is impossible to calculate on the probable obliquity of human nature, especially on that part of it denominated "temper."

When one's self, is on the brink of eternity and of final judgment, how poor, how weak, how wicked, must appear all earthly enmities !

All trials of temper are salutary, and as this world is a state of probation, and the little daily trials of life are perhaps more difficult to be borne than great and unusual ones, I cannot allow myself to think any dispensation otherwise than a kind one, which calls into use those serviceable and Christian virtues, patience and forbearance.

With many persons who are sincere believers in the truth of Christianity, religious faith is a thing which they are contented to know that they possess, without bringing it into every day's use—they seem to consider it like family jewels not fit for every day's wear.—Its efficacy as a daily guide, as the impeller to good feelings, and the restrainer of unkind ones, and as a purifier and regulator of the thoughts and actions, is never present to their minds ; and any persons who should venture to make it evident that with them such an influence is perpetually present, they would be apt to stile methodists or fanatics.

There is nothing that rouses the resentment of a generous heart more than unjust accusations of the amiable and the innocent.

It is a painful truth that the operation of fear is more sure and more fre-

quent than that of love, in influencing the conduct of human beings towards each other, and that the power possessed by the meek, the tender, and the benevolent in both sexes, is a non-entity compared to the dominion enjoyed by the violent, the selfish, and the overbearing.

Moral virtues are durable, and therefore precious, only as far as they are derived from religious belief, and are the consequence of it. Without that, all morals are built on a sandy foundation, and are liable to be swept away by the flood of strong temptation. Morality cannot stand long without the aid of religion, and the mere moralist in a time of affliction may learn to know, that the only refuge in sorrow and in trial are the Rock of ages and the promises of the Gospel.

There are two sorts of jealousy—the one struts a heroine with a poisoned bowl and bloody dagger—the other is only armed with pins and needles, and is no heroine at all ; but she makes such a use of her weapons, that she does as much, or even more harm to domestic happiness, and to the interests of society, than her more lofty and impassioned sister.

Beauty, and even that power of attraction denominated charm in woman, which is perhaps meant by the *cestus*, supposed to be worn by Venus, must lose its influence by custom over any husband, however fond, unless, it may be maintained by solid and superior qualities of mind and heart, which, like pure gold on which enamel has been worked, retain their value when the enamel is worn away.

There are men in whom the habit of constancy, and of undeviating attachment, is as strong and unconquerable as in virtuous women ; and ill befall that wife, who, though conscious of her happiness in possessing the faithful tenderness of a devoted husband, can dare to abuse the power which she possesses and to tyrannize, because she may do so with impunity, over the heart that loves her even with her faults.

MANNERS OF THE MODERN TURKS AND PERSIANS DESCRIBED.

IN A LETTER FROM A MODERN TRAVELLER.

(Monthly Magazine, July.)

ON seeing the Turks for the first time, the European is struck, but he is not astonished; his imagination is prepared for contrasts. But it is not thus, when, having quitted the Turkish frontier, he enters the Persian territory. At the first village he finds every thing so changed as to excite his strongest surprise. He can scarcely conceive that there exist as much difference and opposition between two nations having the same religion, the same despotic system of government, and which are in the same state of demi-civilization, as there can be between the inhabitants of Vienna and Constantinople. It would be difficult to point out the real cause of this; I shall therefore leave it to those who are abler than myself to resolve this interesting question; and shall only draw, with as much exactness as I can, a parallel between these two nations.

The Turk is ferocious and constantly animated with a religious hatred against every thing which is not Musulman. The foreigner of whatever nation he may be, is, throughout the whole extent of Turkey, regarded with contempt and disdain. Inhospitable and proud, the Turk treats the tributary subjects of the empire with arrogance, and even with brutality. He is base and cringing towards those above him, supple if you do not fear him, and insolent if he sees that you stand in awe of him, or are without protection. The Persian, on the contrary, is polite to an excess, obliging towards strangers; he in general loves to exercise the duties of hospitality; caressing and insinuating, he is servile to his equals as to his superiors, and always shows a mild and affable disposition. The difference exists even in the shades of character. The Turk is honest when his interest or confidence gets the better of his fanaticism, and allows his natural goodwill to exert itself; you may then rely upon him: he makes no vain protestations like his neighbour, but devotes himself entirely to those whom he obli-

ges. The Persian, on the contrary, has only the exterior of kindness; expect nothing more from him. Whether you excite his distrust or not, whether he loves or hates you, whether he expects or does not expect any thing from you, he will seek to deceive you: he will never keep his promises, and you will always be his dupe. In a word, the Turk renders a service instantly, and without saying anything: the Persian speaks much, declares with emphasis what he will do, and scarcely ever does what he professes to intend.

The Turk, obstinate in his ignorance, shuts his eyes against the light. More credulous than can be conceived, he is at the same time suspicious and distrustful by instinct. This people, transported originally from the banks of the Oxus and Iaxartes into the territory inhabited by the Greeks, have been for so great a number of years in continual contact with the Europeans, that one would be led to suppose they had acquired milder manners, as well as a taste for the arts and sciences; but all the suggestions of example, aided by all the strength of power, would not, I believe, be able to change the manners and laws of the haughty Ottomans.

The Persian is distinguished from the Turk by more liberal ideas, by a spirit of curiosity, and a love of novelty.—Although sometimes under the dominion of the Usbeks, and sometimes under that of the Turcomans or the Afghans, he has nevertheless preserved his enthusiasm for the sciences and arts. Had there been a more regular intercourse between this people and the Europeans, I doubt not that knowledge would have reached a high degree of perfection in Persia. The Persian loves to be informed, and to interrogate foreigners concerning the manners and customs of their respective countries, the sciences cultivated, and the arts practised in them. He discovers in them that superiority of intelligence, which causes him to esteem them, al-

though they are of a religion different from his own. The Turk, on the other-hand, is pleased with his own ignorance, and thinks it quite beneath him to receive instruction from other nations, all of which he despises. He believes that the Koran contains all that ought to be learned.

The Turk is fanatical. The Persian is superstitious without having religion, and more tolerant, though more strongly attached to the trifling forms of worship. The Christians in Persia enjoy almost as much liberty as the Mussulmans of the lower classes. If they are insulted or struck, they may not only complain, but may also defend themselves. In Turkey, and especially in Romelia, a Greek would be punished with death who should dare to lift his hand against a Mahometan. The same penalty would be paid by the bold cidevant zealot who should attempt to preach to a Mussulman, and convert him to the Christian faith. The Turks, it is true, respect the religious opinions of foreigners, and no people were ever less tormented with eagerness, or even desire, to propagate the faith of their ancestors. The Persians pass their lives in dissertations on the Koran, and take pleasure in arguing with the Christians. They are not offended at hearing an irreverent proposition against Mahomet or Ali; they look upon you with compassion, and pity your destiny in not having been born in the true belief. Here the national spirit prevails over the spirit of religion.

The Turk does not permit an infidel to enter his mosques, except with a supreme order, and bare-footed. The foreigner, accompanied by an officer of the government, has free access, in Persia, to the mosques, and may enter them in his boots. Nay, in the course of our travels, lodgings were appointed us, in several villages, in these edifices consecrated to public worship. But, on the other hand, the Persian is superstitious in the highest degree. He never eats with a Christian, touches no food prepared by the hands of an infidel, and is fearful of defiling himself by drinking from the same cup or smoking with the same pipe. Taking a ride

one day in Ispahan, and being extremely thirsty, I begged a Persian, who was passing on foot, to give me a little water from a neighbouring fountain: he filled me an earthen cup, which he broke immediately afterwards, because my impure lips had touched it.

The Turk would have drank out of the cup after me without ever rinsing it. At his table he drinks, without reluctance, what a European may have left in his glass. Nevertheless, he speaks of a Christian with contempt. He will even scruple to extol his own religion to him, lest he should profane it. The Turkish flag bears the arms of the empire on a ground of green, which is the colour consecrated by their religious traditions. They have a term to express this naval ensign, but they take especial care not to use the same word when speaking of European colours. For their own they make use of the word *bairue* (flag,) and for those of foreign nations of *patchaoura* (dish-clout.)

The Persian barbers never shave an infidel. The Turkish ones serve an European with pleasure.

If an Armenian happens to be overtaken by a shower, he is obliged to return home. Should he have the misfortune to touch a disciple of Ali, he would be ill-used, through the whimsical idea of the Persians, who believe that the dampness of the garments is contagious, and renders them impure. Still this same Persian, so furious to an Armenian who touches him, does not reproach him for his religion. He distinguishes every people, whether tributary or not, by their national denomination; while the Ottoman confounds them all under the emphatic appellation of *Giaour*, which is continually in his mouth.

The Persian, though naturally active, accustoms himself to idleness. There are to be seen in the anti-chambers of the great a vast number of lackeys, who prefer serving for a little food and clothes to applying themselves to agriculture or working at a trade.—The Turk, whose disposition is indolent, finds the greatest pleasure in lying extended upon a sofa. I imagine that

the number and size of his habiliments contribute to make him take so much delight in softness and repose.

It is the stupid ferocity of the Turk which renders him courageous. He goes to the combat with resolution, and defends himself to the last extremity in a besieged place, under the idea that he is fighting for his religion, and shall obtain the martyr's crown. The Persian believes in predestination like the Turk, and is as good a soldier, but his lighter arms do not protect him so well. The Turk fights through fanaticism, the Persian through interest. The latter exposes himself to danger only when he is well paid, and is not brave until after a victory. These two nations rarely present any examples of that elevated courage, those generous and noble sentiments, which strike upon every mind and electrify a whole multitude. They are never inspired by the love of country. Honour is a word unknown amongst them. The opinion, received even from infancy by the people of Europe, that a heartless man is debased, degraded, and no longer worthy to see the light, never once entered the minds of the Turks and Persians.

There is, however, a sort of traditional courage among the Janissaries which the Persians cannot have, because their military organization is entirely different. The institution of the Janissaries, in the end, accelerated the ruin of the empire which it had raised; and to it, as much as to the clergy, is to be attributed that repugnance towards the arts and learning of Europe which precipitated the unfortunate Sultan Selim from the throne. The Janissaries always see their ruin in the adoption of European customs. This obstacle does not exist amongst the Persians: thus they have adopted the *zizamdjedid* with as much zeal as the Turks have shown in resisting the introduction of our tactics. But the Persians have now to defend themselves against the Russians, a corps possessing the bravery and devotion of an army of janissaries.

In Persia, the first vizier is generally a *mirza*, and is not expected to command the armies. In Turkey, he is

most frequently a man who has risen from nothing, and is obliged to put himself at the head of the troops whenever war is declared.

The military virtue of the Persians does not prevent them from being indifferent and cruel. The Turk has a sensibility coming from the heart, and often takes pleasure in succouring his fellow-creature; his beneficence extends even to animals. The Persian's sensibility is confined to his head: his heart is extremely callous; and he rarely stretches out a helping hand to the unfortunate, or even deigns to bestow a look upon him.

The Persian is as confident in politics as the Turk is suspicious. If a European, excited by the desire of information, or by mere curiosity, traverses any remote province of the Ottoman empire, the Turk sees in him nothing but a spy sent to reconnoitre his country, and to serve as a guide to an army coming to drive him from it. He watches every action, follows each motion of the traveller, who, finding fresh obstacles at every step, will abandon his project if he be not sustained by the most persevering resolution, and the most unshaken courage. This distrust scarcely ever troubles the minds of the Persians. A stranger may go through the countries which they inhabit, and examine them with attention, without exciting the least suspicion by his curiosity. The government even carries its confidence so far, that, notwithstanding the war it is carrying on against the Russians, the communications are not interrupted. The caravans go from the interior of Persia into Georgia; the Russian vessels touch on the coasts of Guilan Mazanderan; the Russians have secret correspondences with Armenians, and even with Persians, and yet the government testifies no disquietude. To what is this tranquillity to be attributed? To the constitution of the government, or to its supineness? Weakness cannot be exempt from suspicions, it has too many enemies to fear.

The present war between the Russians and the Persians affords an opportunity of remarking the phlegmatic character of the latter people. Every

thing most dear to them, their wives, their religion, their property is threatened. They resist with all the strength they possess, but without fanaticism,

without that inveterate hatred which inflames the courage of the Turks when they have to fight against the Christians.

GOLDEN RULES TO RENDER YOUNG TRADESMEN RESPECTABLE, PROSPEROUS, AND WEALTHY.

(Monthly Magazine, July.)

1. **C**HOOOSE a good and commanding situation, even at a higher rent or premium ; for no money is so well laid out as for situation, provided good use be made of it.
2. Take your shop-door off the hinges at seven o'clock every morning, that no obstruction may be opposed to your customers.
3. Clean and set out your windows before eight o'clock ; and do this with your own hands, that you may expose for sale the articles which are most saleable, and which you most want to sell.
4. Sweep before your house ; and, if required, open a footway from the opposite side of the street, that passengers may think of you while crossing, and that all your neighbours may be sensible of your diligence.
5. Wear an apron, if such be the custom of your business ; and consider it as a badge of distinction, which will procure you respect and credit.
6. Apply your first returns of ready-money to pay debts before they are due, and give such transactions due emphasis by claiming discount.
7. Always be found at home, and in some way employed ; and remember that your meddling neighbours have their eyes upon you, and are constantly gauging you by appearances.
8. Re-weigh and re-measure all your stock, rather than let it be supposed that you have nothing to do.
9. Keep some article not usually kept, or sell some current article cheap, that you may draw customers, and enlarge your intercourse.
10. Keep up the exact quality or flavour of all articles which you find are approved by your customers.
11. Buy for ready-money as often as you have any to spare ; and, when you take credit, pay to a day, and unasked.
12. No advantage will ever arise to you from any ostentatious display of expenditure.
13. Beware of the odds and ends of stock, of remnants, of spoiled goods, and of waste ; for it is in such things that your profits lie.
14. In serving your customers be firm and obliging, and never lose your temper,—for nothing is got by it.
15. Always be seen at church or chapel on Sunday ; never at a gaming-table ; and seldom at the theatres or at places of amusement.
16. Prefer a prudent and discreet to a rich and showy wife.
17. Spend your evenings by your own fire-side, and shun a public house or a sottish club as you would a bad debt.
18. Subscribe with your neighbours to a book-club, and improve your mind, that you may be qualified to use your future affluence with credit to yourself, and advantage to the public.
19. Take stock every year, estimate your profits, and do not spend above their fourth.
20. Avoid the common folly of expending your precious capital upon a costly architectural front ; such things operate on the world like paint on a woman's cheeks,—repelling beholders instead of attracting them.
21. Every pound wasted by a young tradesman is two pounds lost at the end of three years, and sixteen pounds at the end of twenty-four years.
22. To avoid being robbed and ruined by apprentices and assistants, never allow them to go from home in the evening ; and the restriction will prove equally useful to servant and master.
23. Remember that prudent purchasers avoid the shop of an extravagant and ostentatious trader ; for they justly consider that, if they deal with him, they must contribute to his follies.

24. Let these be your Rules till you have realized your stock, and till you can take discount for prompt payment on all purchases; and you may then

indulge in any degree which your habits and sense of prudence suggest.

COMMON SENSE.

June 4, 1822.

Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

PREACHING.

The missionaries have no such easy time of it.—When Campbell preached at the Cape of Good Hope, his sermon had to perform a very round-about journey ere it entered the hearts of his hearers. "I preached (says he) through two interpreters to the Coranas. When I had spoken a sentence in English, Mr. Anderson repeated it in Dutch, and a third person in the Corana tongue. The Corana interpreter stood with his coat off, and seemed fatigued by speaking so often." In preaching to the Booshuanas, the sermon had a fourth transfusion to undergo.

A SUITABLE TEXT.

In the year 1805, Dec. 5th, a sermon was preached by the Rev. John Evans, at Worship Street, (which he afterwards published,) On the destruction of the combined fleets of France and Spain. The worthy preacher's text was really appropriate; it was from Revelations viii. 9. *And the third part of their ships were destroyed.*

WHITFIELD.

The sermons of Whitfield were, by all allowance, unusually powerful. A man at Exeter, while he was preaching, stood with stones in his pocket, and one in hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, "Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, thro' your ministry, has given me a broken heart."—David Humie pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.—He had also the address to preach money out of the pockets of the money-saving Dr. Franklin, which that philosopher has himself recorded.—The Rev. Geo. Whitfield was once, in the early part of his life, preaching in the open fields, when a drummer happened to be present, who was determined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely beat his drum in a violent manner, in order to drown the preacher's voice. Mr. Whitfield spoke very loud, but was not so powerful as the instrument; he therefore called out to the drummer in these words: "Friend, you and I serve two of the greatest masters existing, but in different callings: you may beat up for volunteers for King George; I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, don't let us interrupt each other; the world is wide enough for us both, and we may get recruits in abundance." His speech had such an effect,

that the drummer went away in great good humour, and left the preacher in full possession of the field. Mr. Whitfield died at Newbury-Port, Massachusetts, in 1770.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING.

Sir Toby. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.—*Shakspeare. Twelfth Night.*

A multitude of very wise people have declared, that the 19th century has made a decided retrograde: quite as large a multitude have affirmed that it has made no such thing. To prove this they have produced some very weighty arguments; but as far as I know, they have always omitted one, *viz.* the attention we pay in this age to Dancing. Like many other words which have an intimate relation to us, the derivation of *Dance* can be very easily traced. Our word comes, with all that relates to it, from the French *danse*, that as certainly from *tanz*, German, that again from the Arabic *tanza*, that from *danzans*; the root of the whole being no doubt the Hebrew דנן

Aware that the necessary abstruseness and flatness of my subject may betray me into perplexity, I shall endeavour, for the sake of a *lucidus ordo*, to arrange my remarks under different heads. And 1st, let me say that there is no art so ANCIENT as dancing. I think it will be allowed by every thinking mind, that man was created with legs. What then can be more natural than to suppose that he put these legs to some use? I may be bold in the assertion, but I must be allowed to say that it is my unalterable opinion, that the first *pas seul* was danced by Adam in Paradise. Almost all the old Hebrew worthies shone in the dance; Moses was a renowned *figurante*, and David is almost as well known for his

dancing as for his playing. We have often heard of a young lady's dancing a man's heart away—a Hebrew damsel danced a man's head off his shoulders. But let not my reader think that the Jews were the only cultivators of this science. The Egyptians have been long celebrated for their progress, nor did Cadmus fail to teach it to Greece, when he taught her every thing else. The Pyrrhic dance, with all its varieties, has been long in the mouths of the learned. Theseus and Numa both invented dances, and led off the first couple themselves. When Rome was mistress of the world, when her civilization flourished most, then dancing shone brightest. Pylades and Bathyllus (the Albert and Paul of their day) drew the world after them. Rome fell, and lamed the dancers with the falling rubbish. The barbarian Tiberias banished dancing from Rome: no wonder that after ages have looked upon him as a monster. When Domitian grew wicked, dancers fell into disrepute with him. When the lamp of civilization was supplied with new oil by the Italians in the 15th century, then and there did the dance elate the legs of its votaries. Ballets d'action were revived at the marriage of Galeas Duke of Milan, and Isabella of Arragon. But, 2d, let me hasten to prove that Dancing is wise:—

1. Dancing is exercise.

2. Exercise is serviceable to life.

Ergo, Dancing is serviceable to life.

1. Dancing is serviceable to life.

2. Whatever is serviceable to life, is wise.

Ergo, Dancing is wise.

By these two simple syllogisms, I have no doubt set the matter at rest with every thinking mind; but I will even go farther. Pallas, the goddess of Wisdom, is said to have invented the Dance; but as this rests upon rather slender testimony, and as I myself think, with Didorus Siculus, that a king of Phrygia had this honour, I shall not press it; but it is a well-known fact that the Goddess danced a hornpipe after the defeat of the Titans. Socrates learned to dance of Aspasia. Homer makes all his heroes good dancers; so does Hesiod. Solomon (than whom no one was more

capable of judging) has expressly assigned a time to mourn and a time to dance. Plato has not disdained to write about it, and divides it into three heads; and a learned Professor of Philosophy at Dantzic has given to the world a dissertation on it as late as 1782. It is also curious that the most rational animals, the dog and the elephant,* both dance. But to sum up all in a word, that learned body, the Lawyers, have always been noted for their antique masques and revelries. At certain times in the year, the learned Judges, Sergeants, and Apprentices de la Ley, wigged and gowned, all hand in hand (*a grand rond*) move majestically round a fire in their respective Halls.†

There are two snarlers at this divine art, (I do not mention St. Jerome or St. Augustine, or the Albigenses and the Waldenses, at present) the one Cicero, who in his oration for Gabinius, dared to call a man a fool if he danced; the other, Lord Byron, who has frequently railed against dancing. When Cicero pronounced that oration, his "dancing-days" were over; we may fairly presume, therefore, that he reviled it, knowing he could no longer shine in it. As for the noble Lord, we all know that he cannot dance even the Scotch step.

I could now expatiate on various other heads—the Use of Dancing: The Cretans used to dance to the battle; so does our 42d.—Its grace, "As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."—Its fluctuations, "Jigs grew to reels, and reels to cotillons." I could view it in a thousand lights, and it would be strengthened at each reflection;—but I abstain. I have attacked the most difficult points, and, I trust, with success.

We would hint, that Dancing now-a-days is of great importance. A good *pastorale* has often procured an *acred* wife; the *ballancez* has influenced the *scale* of many fortunes; the *demi queue de chat* has often entailed an estate; and the *chaine Anglaise* has been exchanged for the *chaine du dame*, and that not unfrequently for the *fetters* of Hymen.

* See Pliny, l. viii. cap. 2.

† See Lord Clarendon, Dugdale, Sir Benjamin Whitlock, &c.

Natural History.

VENUS-SHELL.

The whole of this elegant species in Conchology are oceanic, being usually fished up from very deep water. The Venus-shells, of which there are more than 150 species, are remarkable for the brilliancy of their colours and the smoothness of their surfaces, the interior being often adorned with the most lovely tints, in some species of the richest purple. The giant clam (*c. gigas*), which, from a quarter of an inch, will grow to the enormous size of four and a half feet in breadth, weighing frequently from 100 to 140 pounds. One individual of this species is recorded by conchological writers that weighed 532 lbs. including both the shells and the animal; and the latter was so large as to furnish 120 men with food for a meal, and strong enough, by the sudden collapsing or snapping of its valves, to cut asunder a cable rope, and to take off the hand of a man. This enormous species inhabits the Indian seas. Those of the largest size we are acquainted with are from the seas contiguous to the island of Borneo, whence they are occasionally brought as objects of curiosity into Europe, and exhibited at museums of natural history. During the early part of the last century, they were in much request for the decoration of fountains, grottos, and reservoirs of water, especially in Italy. This gigantic shell was perfectly familiar to the poets and sculptors of antiquity; Venus is fabled to have risen in one of them from the bottom of the sea, an allegory that has afforded matter for several of the most exquisite compositions of ancient as well as modern artists. On antique gems and cameos, Venus under various characters, Amphitrite, Doris, and other goddesses and nymphs in the train of Oceanus, frequently appear upborne upon the waves. Dryden alludes to the allegory:

Albion

Was to Neptune recommended;
Peace and Plenty spread the sails;
Venus, in her shell before him,
From the sands in safety bore him.

SAGACITY OF ANTS.

A gentleman having had some wheat thrown loosely into a summer-house, in a time observed a vast number of ants in the walk leading thereto, and some were absolutely dragging the grains of wheat away. This induced him to follow their track, and he found their little community settled at the root of a large tree, at an amazing distance for such little creatures to wander so far in quest of subsistence. He noticed that sometimes two of the ants would work at one grain, and that when they were fatigued, they were relieved by two others. This they had to bear over a large garden, and over a considerable part of a field to its destination. He, the next day, stopped every part of the summerhouse by which they could have access, and it was aston-

ishing the attempts they made to find entrance; there was a more than common bustle amongst them observed, both at their settlement and around it. At length he observed a vast number of them take a direction opposite to that of the summerhouse, and traced them to a granary at a much greater distance than the place from whence they had been driven. The summer-house was now deserted, except by a straggler now and then, which seemed to be on the look-out, in case any thing favourable should give them admittance to their old store. But that was closed for several days, and at last not an ant was to be seen near it; still they were going by hundreds to and from the granary. The curious observer now threw the summerhouse open, and sat himself down to watch if any ant approached; he had the patience to wait several hours, but no ant appeared; he again closed all access, and watched the second day. After a little time, he observed a solitary ant wandering about, and then enter the summerhouse,—it was gone in an instant. The observer then left the spot, but returning in a few hours, he found hundreds of the ants busy on his store. There can be no doubt that the single ant he saw was a spy, and had communicated its discovery to his fellows.

TRANSLATIONS.

Purver (*Quakers' Bible*, 2 vols. folio,) translates John xviii. 12 'So the regiment, the colonel, and the officers, took Jesus and bound him.' He has also this odd passage "A hind let go may exhibit genteel Naphthali: he gives fine words," for "Naphthali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words." Waterland, instead of (Acts xix. 38.) 'The law is open, and there are deputies,' proposes, 'It is term-time, and the judges are sitting.' Harwood, at Luke xiii. 6, says, 'A gentleman had planted a fig-tree.'

Tyndale's Bible has this version, in the 4th of Judges,—“But the Lord trowned Sisera and all his charettes, and all his hoste, with the edge of the swerde.”

There was a French Bible, printed at Paris, in 1538, by Anthony Bonnemere, wherein is related, *that the ashes of the golden calf, which Moses caused to be burnt, and mixed with the water that was drank by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it; by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those who had worshipped the calf.* This idle story is actually interwoven with the 32d chapter of Exodus. And Bonnemere says, in his preface, this French Bible was first printed in 1495, at the request of his most Christian Majesty Charles VIII.; and declares further, that the French translator *has added nothing but the genuine truth, according to the express terms of the Latin Bible; nor omitted any thing but what was improper to be translated!* So that according to this we are to look on this fiction of the gilded beards as matter of fact.

Vulgar Errors.

THE PELICAN

Is described in pictures as opening her breast with her bill, and feeding her young ones with the blood distilling from her. This we not only see in signs, but in the crests and escutcheons of noble families. That this is but hieroglyphical, needs no comment at this time of day, though some of the ancients made a matter of fact of it. The bag or satchel of this animal (usually omitted in the pictures) is remarkable; it receives oysters, cockles, scollops, and other testaceous animals. Sanetius says, in one of these bills a negro-child was found.

THE OSTRICH

Is said to digest iron. Rhodiginus asserts it, and John Langius pleads experiment itself for the truth. That it will take down or swallow iron, in the same way that turkeys do stones, for better digestion, may be believed; not that it is dissolved.

THE KING FISHER,

If hanged by the bill, shews in what quarter the wind is, by an occult quality, converting the breast to that part of the horizon from whence the wind blows. This too is a received opinion, and vulgar error, learnedly combatted by Sir Thomas Brown.

THE BIRD OF MECCA.

The birds of the air have ere now been enlisted by historians into actual belligerents; for we have a story of some birds that destroyed a whole army, by letting stones fall on their heads. Thus we read, in D'Herbolet, how Abrahah, being resolved to besiege Mecca, the holy city, was suffered to proceed for a time, meeting with no opposition on his march, plundering and ravaging all places, till he came in view of the city of Mecca; when the elephant on which he rode no sooner beheld the city-walls, but he suddenly turned his head, and ran furiously back; and all the rest of those animals following him as their leader, it put the whole army into a general disorder, and all fled. The Koraish, who were entrenched on the tops of the mountains, saw this confusion with astonishment, not knowing the cause of it; when on a sudden they beheld a prodigious flight of birds, arising like a cloud from the sea-coasts, come and hover over Abrahah's army. Their feathers were green, and beaks green; and they were followed by another flight, whose feathers were black, but their beaks yellow. Every one of these birds carried three stones, viz. one in his beak and two in its claws; and on every stone was written the name of him it was to strike; all which stones they threw down with so great a force on the heads of the Abyssins, that they killed them all on the spot, Abrahah excepted, who only was left alive to carry the news of this terrible defeat into Ethiopia.

Birds were worshipped in Lemnos, because they killed the grasshoppers, which very much infested that island.

THE GOOSE.

The goose was placed by the Romans in the high class of sacred birds, because the cackling of geese preserved the Roman state from the inroads of the Gauls, who were about to render themselves masters of the Capitol. It is certainly, even now, the most vigilant centinel that can be posted in a besieged town. Its slumber is light, the slightest noise is sufficient to awaken it, and then it sends forth reiterated cries, not much unlike the hissing of a serpent, which cries are immediately put into chorus by its companions. Geese are the best guardians of houses situated in the country, and at the same time they are the most useful of domestic birds; for, independent of the excellent quality of their flesh, we procure from their plumage, those beds which are allowed to be of the first quality, and most pleasant for repose. The pen also, which serves to mark our thoughts, testify our affections to those we love, and aid us in the translation of that business so requisite to the attainment and preservation of our legitimate property. If a flock of geese pass under a triumphal arch, they prudently stoop down, lest their heads should be injured. Even a goose may be affectionate. Lacydes, a Greek philosopher, had a goose whose affection for him was remarkable. It used to follow him every where, both at home and abroad, by night as well as by day. When it died, Lacydes (who was in this a goose himself) solemnized its funeral obsequies with as much magnificence as if it had been his son or brother.

SECRETARIES.

The voracity of this tribe shall be noticed: but first of all we cannot avoid remarking, that the vulture (the *falco serpentarius* of Gmelin) should also be oddly named the *secretary* vulture: is there any allusion in this? There may be, but that does not come within our province. However, this bird, by means of a bony protuberance at the bend of the wing, is enabled to strike most destructive blows with that part; and it is with the wings that these birds defend themselves against venomous snakes, by sometimes opposing one, and sometimes the other wing, whereby they evade bites that might otherwise prove mortal; till the enemy, tired of its efforts, or bruised nearly to death, becomes an easy prey. A bird of this species, killed by Le Vaillant, had twenty-one young turtles, eleven small lizards, and three snakes, in its stomach. Besides the above extraordinary fact, recorded by Latham, in his Synopsis of Birds, we have elsewhere read of another species of secretary, not birds however, who, upon dissection, was found to have swallowed above a dozen snuff-boxes set round with brilliants, which things are supposed to be uncommonly digestible.

As to understanding the language of birds, Cardinal Benno relates the following story about Laurence, the companion of Pope Benedict IX., who understood the language

of birds, and was instructed in future events by them : " That one day a sparrow chirping in presence of several prelates, some asked him what that bird said, and that he told them : This bird, says to the other birds, that they are going to fly immediately to Porta Maggiore, where a cart loaded with millet is just now broke down ; he therefore invites them to go and eat their share of it ;" upon which several of them went to that gate, and found the thing as he had said. Democritus not only pretended that if the heart of an owl be laid on a woman's left breast, while she was asleep, it would make her reveal all her secrets ; which Pliny considers a magical romance : But this Democritus had other whimsies : he gives us a receipt for understanding the language of birds ; that, by mingling together the blood of certain birds, which he named, a serpent would be produced of so wonderful a property, that whoever should eat it would be able to understand what the birds said to one another. There is a story of Melampus, that he attained this wonderful knowledge by allowing serpents to lick his ears.

ACADEMY OF BIRDS.

In the summer of 1772, the Sieur Roman, from Paris, exhibited his academy of birds at Canterbury and other towns. The performances were wonderful, and an account of them worthy to be preserved. One of them appeared as dead, and was held up by the tail or claw, without showing any sign of life ; and the second stood on its head, with its claws in the air ; a third mimicked a Dutch milk-maid going to market, with pails on its shoulders ; a fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out of window ; a fifth appeared as a grenadier, and mounted guard like a centinel ; the sixth acted as a cannoneer, with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and a match in its claw, and discharged a small cannon : the same bird also acted as if it had been wounded ; it was wheeled in a little barrow, to convey it (as it were) to the hospital ; after which it flew away before the company ; the seventh turned a kind of windmill ; and the last bird stood in the midst of some fireworks, which were discharged all around it, without discovering any signs of fear. The birds were linnets, gold-finches, and canary birds. All this, we doubt not, was extraordinary : but how was this teaching effected ? Why, by a continuation of the utmost cruelty, deprivation of sleep and food !

To digress somewhat from small to large, there must be birds yet to be exhibited of a very extraordinary magnitude, if we judge by their nests ; for Captain Cook tells us, in his first voyage, that when leaving Lizard Island, in their way, " they landed upon the low sandy island with trees upon it, which they had remarked in their going out. Upon this island they saw an incredible number of birds, chiefly sea fowl : they also found the nest of an Eagle, with young ones, which they killed ; and the nest of some other

bird, they knew not what, of a most enormous size : it was built with sticks upon the ground, and was no less than twenty six feet in circumference, and two feet eight inches high."

Capt Flinders, also, on the south coast, in King George's Bay, found two nests alike, of such extraordinary magnitude : " They were built upon the ground, from which they rose above two feet, and were of vast circumference, and great interior capacity ; the branches of trees, and other matter of which each nest was composed, being enough to fill a cart."

Perhaps these large nests were adapted for the *Goliath* bird, mentioned by " Mr. Henderstrom, who has discovered, in that part of the Russian dominions which he calls New Siberia, the claws of a bird, measuring each a yard in length ; and the Yakuts assured him they had frequently, in their hunting excursions, met with skeletons, and even feathers of this bird, the quills of which were large enough to admit a man's fist. This is the strongest fact which has yet appeared in support of the almost universal tradition, that the earth was formerly inhabited by a race of giants. For though men, not exceeding ourselves in stature, might have defended themselves against the Megatherion, they would have been helpless against birds of prey of this magnitude." It appears also, that there are some birds in Madagascar, as Paulus Venetus relates, the quill-feathers of whose wings are twelve paces long, and which can take up a horse and his rider into the air, as easily as one of our kites would a mouse !

NEW WORKS.

A new Poem is shortly expected from the pen of Lord BYRON.

Mr. John Hunt will shortly publish " The Vision of Judgment," by Queredo Redivivus ; suggested by the composition of Mr. Southey, so entitled. We understand this production is from the pen of Lord BYRON.

" Peverel of the Peak" is announced as forthcoming. Sir Walter Scott, it is said, passed some time in Derbyshire last year, collecting materials.

A new Novel, entitled *Osmond*, will shortly be published.

Mr. Walter Wilson has in the press, *The Life and Times of Daniel Defoe*.

The *Hermit in the Country* is about to publish a Fourth Volume of his amusing sketches.

Memoirs of the Life of Artemi of Magarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia. From the original Armenian, written by himself.

Rose Blanche, a Romance. By A. M. Porter.

An Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries on the laws of England, in a Series of Letters from a Father to his Daughter, chiefly intended for the use and advancement of Female Education. By a Barrister at Law, F. R. F. A. and F. L. S.